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EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER



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This issue is devoted to off-season travel and Francis Goodman's cover photograph is of the view from Tranquillity, the home of Sir Brian & Lady Mountain, above Ocho Rios Bay, Jamaica. More about Jamaica and the Caribbean in Winter Quartet on page 388 and other ideas on cruising and Winter Sunshine holidays. Unity Barnes' fashion section, from page 398, deals with the Paris collections. A diary of debutante dances and cocktail parties from the Little Season appears on page 384

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Edinburgh Festival, to 11 September.

Aboyne Games, 8 September. (Ball, 10 September.)

Braemar Royal Highland Gathering, 8 September.

Lochaber Ball, Spean Bridge Hotel, Inverness-shire, 10 September. (Tickets £3 10s., from the Stewards, Lochaber Meeting, W. Highland Museum, Fort William.)

Oban Highland Games, 15, 16 September.

Pendley Shakespeare Festival, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts, to 4 September.

British Association for the Advancement of Science meeting, Cambridge, to 8 September.

Kensington Antiques Fair, Kensington Town Hall, 2-16 September.

Battle of Britain Horse Show & Gymkhana, Ruckman's Farm, Oakwood Hill, nr.

Ockley, Surrey, in aid of the R.A.F. Association, starting 9.30 a.m. 5 September. (Details, Forest Green 245.)

Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester Cathedral, 5-10 September.

St. Leger, Doncaster, 8 September.

Burghley Three-Day Event, Stamford, 8-10 September.

British Jumping Derby (Wills International Meeting), All England Jumping Course, Hickstead, Sussex, 10-12 September.

Northern Antique Dealers Fair, Harrogate, 9-16 September
Camberley Staff College & R.M.A. Sandhurst Horse Show, 18 September. (Details, Camberley 21122, Ext. 10.)

Commonwealth Arts Festival, London, Cardiff, Glasgow, Liverpool, 16 September-2 Oct.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Lingfield Park, Chester, York, today & 2; Sandown Park, 3, 4; Redcar, Lanark, 4; Warwick, 6; Doncaster, 7-10; Folkestone, 8; Salisbury, 8, 9 September.

Steeplechasing: Haldon (Devon & Exeter meeting), today & 2; Uttoxeter, 2, 3; Stratford-on-Avon, Market Rasen, 4; Fontwell Park, 6 September.

CRICKET

Scarborough Cricket Festival today to 14 September.

Hastings Cricket Festival, A. E. R. Gilligan's XI v. Sussex, today to 10 September.

All England v. Rest of World, Lord's, 11-14 September.

MOTOR RACING

R.A.C. British Kart Championship, Shennington Airfield nr. Stratford-on-Avon, 4 September.

TENNIS

Junior Championships, Wimbledon, 6-11 September.

South of England Champion-

ships, Eastbourne, 6-11 September.

YACHTING & REGATTAS

Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex, to 4 September.

Bexhill Sailing Club Sea Week, to 4 September.

"Daily Express" Offshore Powerboat Race, Cowes—Torquay, 4 September.

Firefly National Single-Handed Championship, Herne Bay, 4-10 September.

Great Britain v. Australia Catamaran Trophy, Thorpe Bay, Southend-on-Sea, starting 8 September.

MUSICAL

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall,

to 11 September. (KEN 8212.)

Royal Festival Hall. José Greco & His Gypsies (flamenco dancers), to 11 September. (WAT 3191.)

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. New York City Ballet, to 11 September. (COV 1066.)

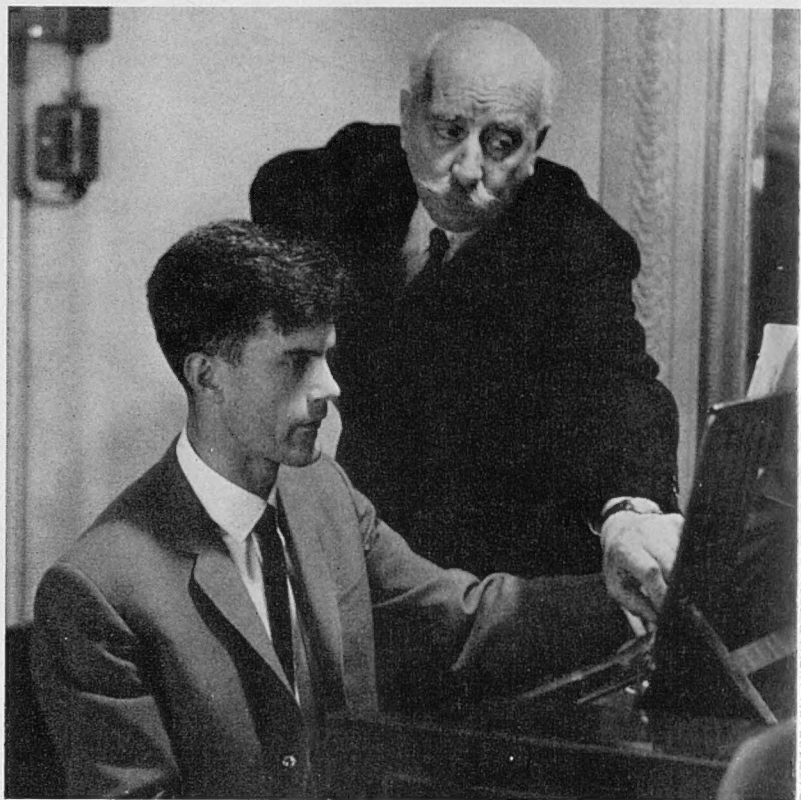
Country House Concert. Aske, near Richmond, Melos Ensemble, 6.30 p.m., 5 September. (PRI 7142.)

EXHIBITION

Do-It-Yourself & International Handicrafts Exhibition, Olympia, 3-18 September.

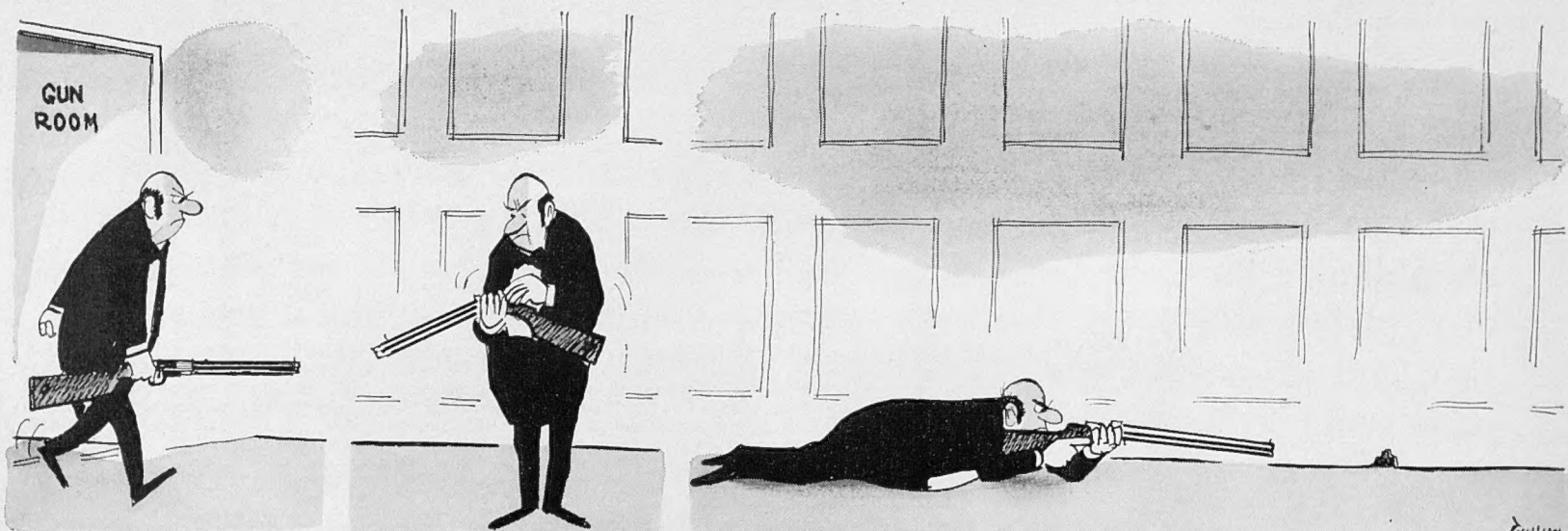
FIRST NIGHT

Georgian Theatre, Richmond, Yorks. *The Man of Mode*, 4 September (to 11th.)



Malcolm Binns, one of this country's most rapidly maturing pianists, consults with conductor Sir Adrian Boult over John Gardner's first piano concerto, which they will perform with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall on 15 September. It is the first concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society's 154th season

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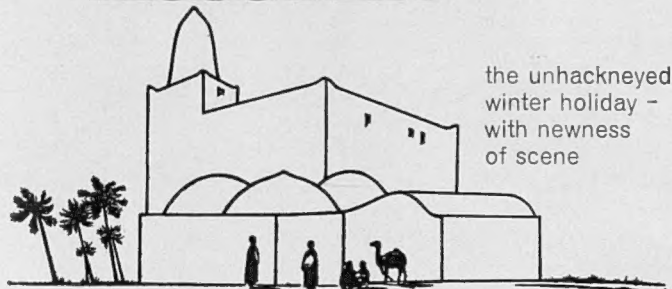


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29th Oct., Bahamas, 20 Days, from £187.10. 'Queen Elizabeth' from Southampton, calling New York, Bermuda, Nassau, New York.

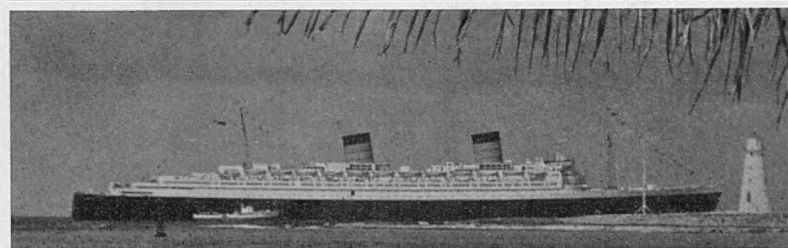
10th Nov., Bahamas, 26 days, from £212. 'Queen Mary' from Southampton, calling New York, Nassau, New York.

9th Dec., Florida, 13 days, from £188. 'Carmania' from Southampton, calling Bermuda, Nassau, Port Everglades (Miami), New York, return BOAC-CUNARD Jet-Flight.

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WINTER SUNSHINE

Off-Season Travel by Sylvie Nickels

There is one question to be faced before the winter sunshine brochures carry us away on a crest of superlatives: how hot is winter sunshine? This question applies, of course, to the nearer destinations: it hardly arises if you are thinking in terms of the Caribbean or much of Africa or India.

A few tour operators, to their credit, give the maximum and minimum temperatures and average rainfall during each winter month for all the destinations they suggest. I hope that in the future more will do likewise. Meanwhile the following examples for January are taken from Cooks' Continental Timetable. In each case the first figure is the 24-hour average temperature (Fahrenheit) and the second is the average temperature in the early afternoon: Athens, 48/54; Beirut, 57/62; Cairo, 56/65; Casablanca, 54/63; Lagos (South Portugal), 54/61; Las Palmas, 64/70; Madeira (Funchal) 61/66; Malaga, 54/61; Malta, 55/59; Nice, 48/56; Palma, 49/57; Rhodes, 55/59; San Remo 48/53.

The Canary Islands and Madeira, then, are the nearest

places for winter sunshine that is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world—if by winter sunshine you mean somewhere where you can be sure of bathing and acquiring a sun tan. On the other hand, all the other places listed have an average early afternoon temperature ranging from 10 to 19 degrees higher than that of London, so that if by winter sunshine you mean somewhere where you are very likely to get warmth but are not going to be dismayed by a few clouds and possibly some rain, they will serve you perfectly well.

B.E.A. chose wisely when they launched their Sunshine Square last winter, embracing South Portugal, Gibraltar, the Costa del Sol and the Moroccan coast. Equally wisely they added: "Neither B.E.A. nor anyone else can guarantee sunshine in Europe, but if you want the nearest thing to a certainty, then back Sunshine Square to win."

So let us begin with South Portugal: In July, the long heralded, long postponed airport near Faro opened. There will be no direct services from

London until next year but there are regular connections with Lisbon. By eliminating the need for the 180-mile drive from Lisbon, it has brought the Algarve several hours closer to Britain and, with it, one of the best parts of the Iberian peninsula.

The quality of the Algarve coast lies in the fact that of its 100 or so miles, only a few have really been developed. Those with an exploratory turn of mind (and a car) can be thankful, too, that the main coastal road runs a few miles inland most of the way, and that many an unpromising track leads to superb stretches of empty beach. Scenically, the most impressive part of the coast lies west of Faro. Of the established tourist centres, Albufeira remains my favourite for it has most retained its own considerable character, though Praia da Rocha has more tourist amenities and Monte Gordo, close to the Spanish border, has the biggest hotel.

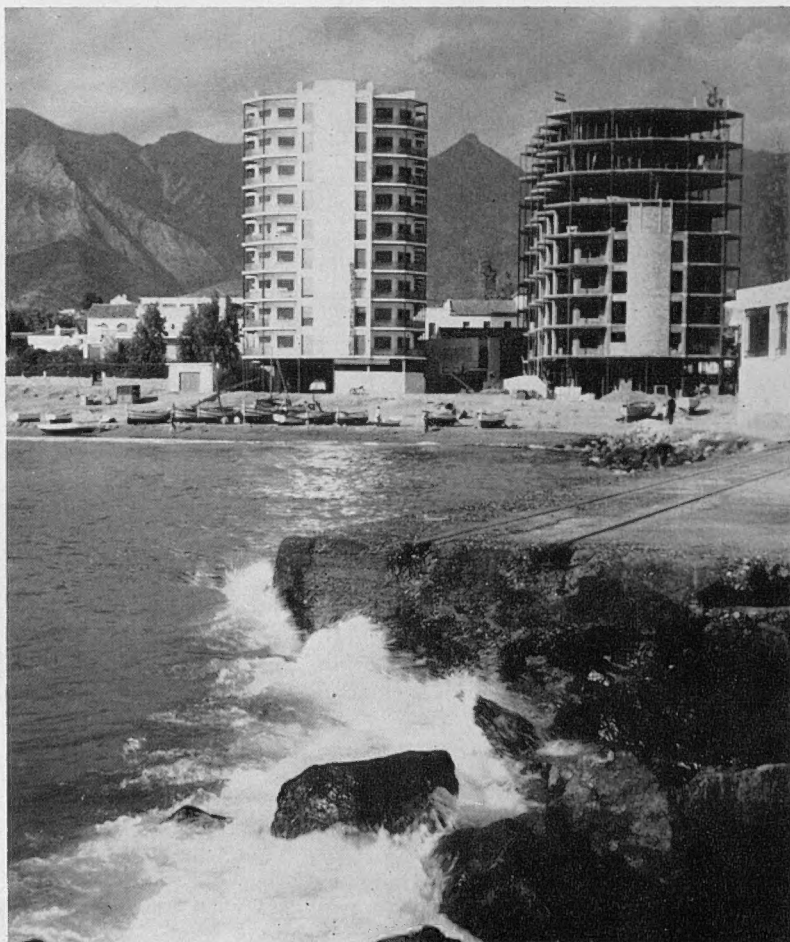
For sheer drama and appeal to the imagination, the barren cliffs of Cape St. Vincent near Sagres probably head the list.

You can hardly remain indifferent to the fact that you are looking in a direct line of almost uninterrupted seas to the Americas, and that here, half a millennium ago, stood a pious visionary preparing the way for the discovery of new worlds of whose existence he could not even dream. The visionary, of course, was John of Gaunt's Portuguese grandson, Prince Henry the Navigator. Near Sagres are two hotels, one of them an elegant *pousada* (State-owned inn), which offers local decor and regional specialities.

Just round the corner from the Algarve is Spain's even more famous Costa del Sol. Torremolinos does not appeal to me personally, for it is too reminiscent of a building site, but it does have the advantage of a considerable range of entertainments and an enormous choice of hotels. In fact, the number of hotels, especially between Malaga and Marbella, is quite bewildering, and there are two points worth bearing in mind. One is that many of them, though listed under a resort, are often several miles



A dramatic effect of light and shade in a balconied corner of Marbella, on the Costa del Sol 40 miles from Gibraltar—



—and in equally strong contrast, the new, uncompromising blocks of flats going up on the same coast

from it—which may not matter but should be known. The second is that quite a few of them are not immediately on the beach, though they often have their own swimming pool—probably an advantage in winter anyway.

Three I rather liked are the first class B ranch-style Cortijo Blanco (beautiful furnishings and paintings), a short distance from San Pedro de Alcántara; the first class A Mare Nostrum, consisting of three linked circular towers placed right by the sea near Fuengirola; and the first class A Las Chapas, surrounded by pine trees, near Marbella. At the Gibraltar end of the Costa del Sol, just outside Algeciras, the Reina Christina has graciousness and great calm. It is owned by Trust Houses. It is also worth remembering that the Costa del Sol stretches 70 miles east of Malaga too, and two charming centres are Nerja and Almuñecar, separated by about 20 miles of the most ruggedly glorious stretch of the whole of the Costa del Sol.

Malta is another place that has been firmly put on the winter map in the last two or three years. I find it a peculiarly endearing place, in spite of its lack of rivers and trees, for it is full of homely familiar details in a setting that is unmistakably foreign. Prehistorically and historically Malta is of immense interest, an advantage that not all winter

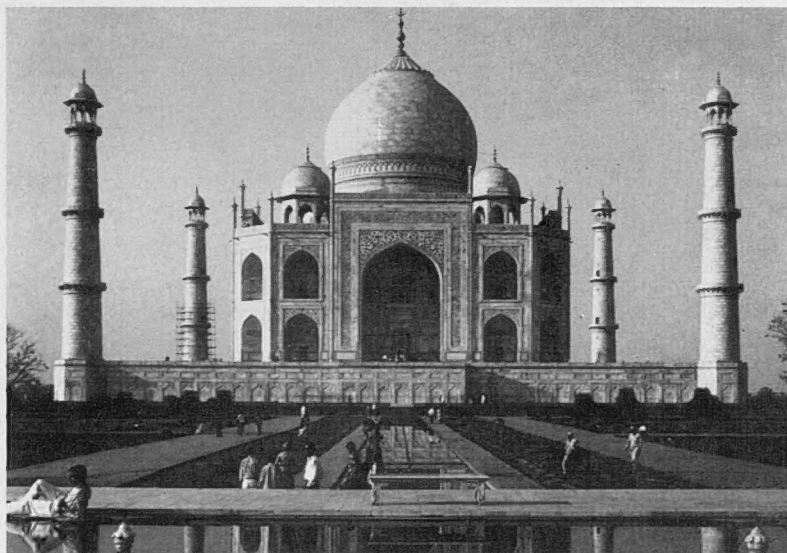
warmth areas share and a boon if the weather lets you down. A great effort is being made, too, with such innovations as the Casino and several glossy new hotels, to overcome the previous shortage of "something to do in the evening." It is also worth timing a visit to coincide with one of Malta's numerous feasts and festivals; the three days of carnival preceding Lent are particularly riotous.

Most of Malta's hotels are in the suburbs and towns adjoining Valletta, linking arms for some miles round this heavily indented stretch of coast, but wherever you are on the island, you are within an hour's drive of Valletta. A hotel that I found most attractive is the Selmun Palace, a 17th-century knight's palace standing alone on a hill above St. Paul's Bay. The number of bedrooms is quite small, but their castle-like setting is delightful.

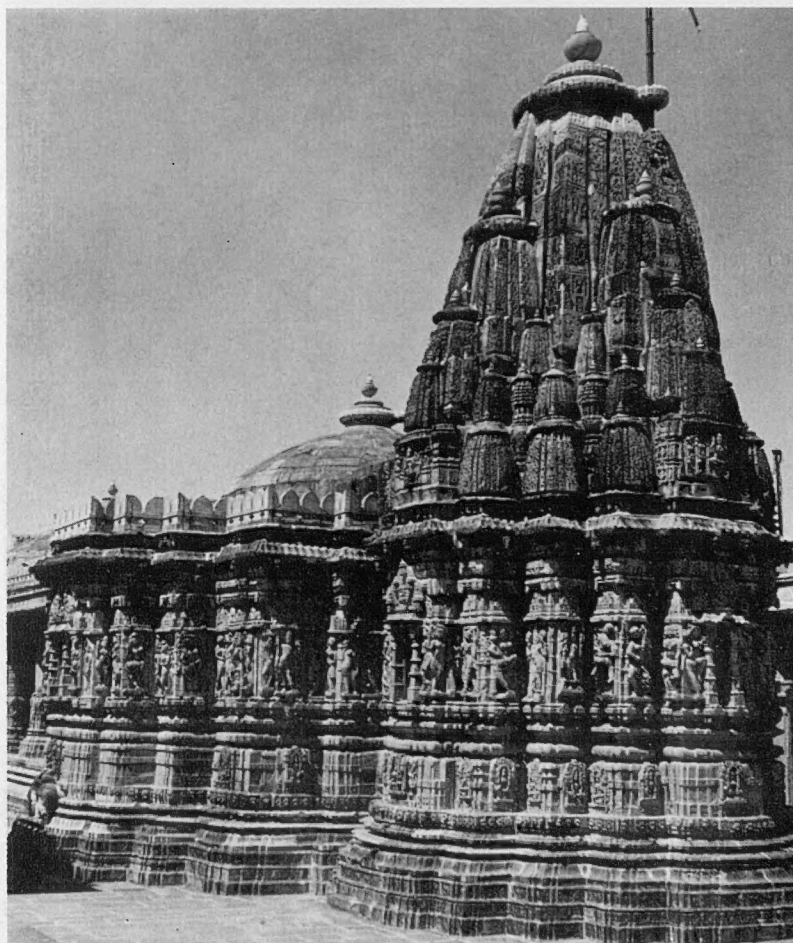
When it comes to Greece, I think I would spend a few days in Athens, which I love whatever the weather, and then head for the islands. Cruising in the Aegean seems to me to be a highly satisfactory way of whiling away a winter week or two, and there are many possibilities. Rhodes, easternmost of the Greek islands, is one of my favourites in all the Mediterranean, partly because it is large enough to offer a variety of opportunities for exploration, partly because Rhodes



Harvesting grapes for wine at Groot Drakenstein in Cape Province, South Africa. Behind is Simonsberg mountain



Summit of all tourist attractions, the Taj Mahal, at Agra, India



An intricately carved Jain temple at Chittorgarh, near Udaipur, India

town itself is enchanting, and partly because there are several very pleasant hotels. Many of the villages are pure Turkish in origin—as are some of the population and the food—a reminder that the coastline facing you across the sea a few miles away is no longer that of Europe.

In a few years' time, that south coast of Turkey will become one of the great discoveries of tourism. In the meantime, its miles of beaches backed by the Taurus Mountains share the same balmy climate as Rhodes, and there are wondrous treasures in store for the archaeologically minded. In the province of Antalya alone there are no fewer than 66 ruins from the pre-Hellenistic, Hellenistic and Roman eras.

5,000 miles due south of Antalya (give or take a mile or two), the South African resorts along the Indian Ocean are enjoying midsummer in mid-winter. In Cape Province, at one end of it, climatic conditions are at their best. In Natal at the other end, the problem is not one of cold, but heat and high humidity. Six weeks ago,

with their accelerated Mail Service, Union-Castle smartly reduced sea travelling time from the U.K. to Cape Town from 13½ days to 11½, so that there are greater possibilities than ever for combining the round voyage with a visit to the Republic; or, if time is limited, travelling one way by sea and one way by air.

As I mentioned a few weeks ago, the famous Garden Route may be a disappointment to those who are expecting to see much of the sea, for the route, though often glorious, is mostly inland.

It would, in fact, be better to use it as a means of reaching the resorts (such as Wilderness, Plettenberg Bay) than regard it as a holiday in itself. But if my time were limited, I would simply stay in the Cape itself. With the Atlantic and False Bay to choose from, there are probably enough beaches to choose a different one every day for a month. The scenic glories of Cape Peninsula deserve far more than the one or two day trips often accorded them.

Continued from page 373

At least a few days off should be allowed for the mountains and a quite different face of South Africa: the verdant valleys of vineyards and fruit orchards contained between towering peaks. One hotel I like just manages to fit a swimming pool in between itself and a great wall of mountain. Called the Swiss Farm Excelsior (because it looks like one), it stands at the head of Franschhoek Valley, a region that abounds with descendants of the Huguenots, and wine farms with names like Normandie. There is a Huguenot Monument too.

For greater contrast still, I would take the Blue Train

cave temples of Ajanta (Buddhist) and Ellora (Buddhist, Hindu and Jain) properly. Between them, with a good guide, you can glean some understanding of the complex philosophies which are firmly woven into the fabric of India's everyday life.

Aurangabad itself has several worthwhile sights, including an imitation of the Taj Mahal built by the son of Aurangzeb for his mother. You can judge the difference for yourself later in Agra, where the real thing should be seen at sunrise or sunset, or preferably both if you have the opportunity.

In Rajasthan there are fine temples, too, but across this great dusty land, home of the Rajputs, some of the greatest



An isolated fishing hamlet near Sagres, on the south-west tip of Portugal. The immense beach is backed by orange cliffs

and cross the thirsty expanses of the Great Karroo, which lies beyond and above these valleys whose sunsets rival those on the Nile. You can then fly back from Kimberley and its diamond mines, or continue to Johannesburg.

5,000 miles or so away, north-east across the Indian Ocean, the best part of a sub-continent lies drenched in winter sunshine. One of the problems of long distance travel, as I have said before, is that having gone so far, one wants to see everything—and runs the risk of remembering nothing. Nowhere is the temptation greater than in India, which counts its history not in thousands of years but in tens of thousands, and its population not in tens but hundreds of millions.

Any suggested itinerary can only be invidious, but if this is a first visit of, say, three weeks' duration, one recommendation is to combine Bombay and those centres easily visited from it, with Rajasthan's main centres, concluding with Delhi and Agra. From Bombay, it is quite a short flight to Aurangabad where you should allow more than the usual two nights if you want to see the famous

struggles between Islam and Hinduism were fought, and in the rich palaces and fortresses of pink Jaipur and lake strewn Udaipur, of Amber, Alwar and Chittorgarh, of Ajmer and Jodhpur, the meeting of two great cultures can be seen.

Rajasthan also has an excellent line in hotels converted from former royal palaces. One of the loveliest hotels in India (the Lake Palace) rises out of the waters of Udaipur's Lake Pichola. Once a Maharana's palace, today its beautiful mosaics and tracery of white marble are at the visitor's disposal.

The accommodation ranges from quite simple rooms to magnificent suites in princely style and the views across the lake—on one side to the white walls of the City Palace, on the other to the Aravulli hills—have immense peace. Only the pigeons break the calm—those pigeons without which no palace, fortress, temple of India would seem quite the same.

It is a rare haven to have awaiting you at the end of a day's sightseeing.

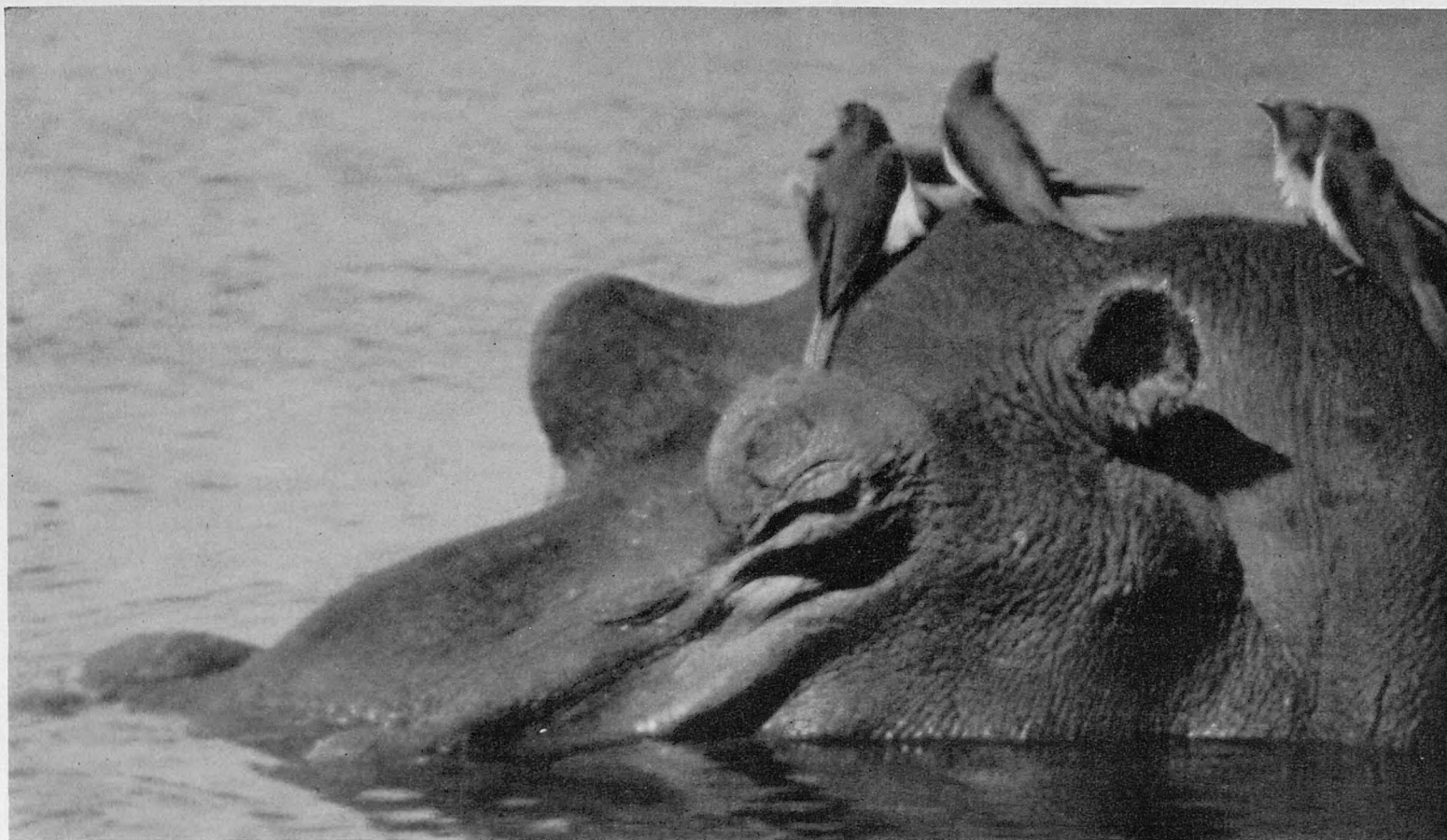
More about Off-Season Travel will be found on pages 388-396.



Surf rolling in on the superb beach of Praia Da Rocha in the Algarve, south Portugal. Praia has many tourist amenities



Hagar Qim, a megalithic temple on Malta, which is rich in archaeological sites



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For travellers seeking more leisurely ways to sightsee, the South African Railways Administration provides super-comfortable

rail and tourist motor-coach services that embrace all the top sight-seeing attractions, including the Kruger National Park.

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Lion's Head, from Table Mountain, Cape Town.



John Baker White / For discriminating shoppers

GOING PLACES TO EAT

The Diplomat, recently opened in Mount Street: a top luxury class restaurant



C.S. . . . Closed Sundays
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table **Gattopardo**, 29a James Street, out of Oxford Street close to Selfridges. Open for luncheon, dinner and supper with dancing from 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. (WEL 4689.) C.S. Let me emphasize that this quite new Italian restaurant is not just another *trattoria* but an establishment of some quality in the medium price range, with main dishes from 12s. 6d. upwards and quails on the menu. The ground-floor room is quite small and got up with good taste, orange curtains contrasting with white walls. Downstairs is a larger room with an intimate atmosphere, and a comfortable bar. The menu is made up of Italian classical and speciality dishes, and the considerable list of wines has been carefully chosen. In a well cooked and enjoyable meal I remember particularly the courgettes fried in the Italian style. Like the coffee, they were excellent. Should suit discriminating shoppers, and the younger set at night. W.B.

Chez Solange, 35 Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. (TEM 0542.) Open 12 midday to 3 p.m., and 5.30

p.m. to midnight, when last orders are taken, but fully licensed to 1 a.m. Piano music in one room. C.S. When anyone asks me for the names of "a really good French restaurant, and not too expensive" I put this one close to the top of a short list. The reason why it started good and remains so is because it is run by two people who are dedicated to their craft. René is his own *chef de cuisine*, and his wife Thérèse is in charge of the restaurant: her gift for spotting good wines is reflected in the quality of the list. The food is such as you would find in the area bounded by Grenoble, Lyon and the Pays du Bresse. For what you get (and do not go unless you are *really* hungry) it is remarkable value for money, and so are the wines. The atmosphere is that of what it claims to be, a "Restaurant Français." W.B.

In Roman Lincoln

It is a long time since I have stayed in a hotel in which every member of the staff was so obliging and friendly as at the new Trust House hotel, the **Eastgate** at Lincoln (Tel. 20341). The front rooms have a

splendid view of the full length of the cathedral, and the hotel itself stands over the ditch of the Roman city of Lindum Colonia, with the foundations of its east gate in the forecourt. With the exception of a small section, which was a millionaire's red brick mansion, it is *au fait* with the layout and decor of the '60s, but comfortable as well—notably the well equipped bedrooms.

As for the cooking (with the exception of breakfast which was first rate) I would prefer to postpone judgment until after another visit, for we stayed there on a Sunday night when the head chef was off duty and the kitchen short-staffed. Not aware of this fact we made the mistake of ordering *à la carte*, but an elderly and charming resident of Lincoln at the next table praised the general standard of the food. He also put me on to a most pleasant claret, No. 4 on the list, a 1957 Château Rausan Ségla shipped by Cruse. It is wise to book ahead for rooms, and for meals in the restaurant or Buttery.

Travelling south to Grantham I found a redecorated dining room in the Trust

House's **Angel**, a fine old house, and ate some excellent cold salmon at the **George Hotel** in the same town.

Wine note:

The 1964 German vintage was highly successful, producing some admirable wines well above the average. Among them is a Rheingau wine from Oestrich-Winkel, i.e. Arthur Hallgarten's Schloss Vollrads. It has a particularly fine flavour and bouquet for such a young wine. It is an estate bottled Graf Matuschka-Greifemclau, and at under 17s. a bottle it is fine value for money. S. F. & O. Hallgarten of 1 Crutched Friars, E.C.3, are the U.K. suppliers.

. . . and a reminder

Café Royal, Regent Street. (WHI 2373.) Celebrating its centenary with special dishes of the month. Grouse is the September choice.

Chelsea Room, Carlton Tower. (BEL 5411.) Brunch, first-class value for 30s. including non-alcoholic drinks, is the feature of Sunday lunchtime.

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YORK'S UNEXPECTED VICTOR

The winning smiles are those of owner Mrs. C. J. Reavey and jockey J. Wilson after Polyfoto, trained by Mrs. Reavey's husband, had won the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes on the first day of the Gimcrack meeting at York. It was an unexpected success as Polyfoto, and runner-up Caterina, owned by Mr. G. Baylis, were the longest priced horses in the betting. Polyfoto's well-known dislike of the starting gate caused some nervousness, but once away he quickly showed his superiority in a field of eight runners. More pictures of York by Van Hallan overleaf

The Gimcrack meeting at York/continued

Miss Pippa Hanson and her mother Mrs. John Hanson, from Sickling Hall, Wetherby, with one of their guests, Miss Sue Osborne



Mrs. Christopher Loyd, who was a member of the Earl of Halifax's party at the races



Sir Kenneth Parkinson came over from his home Aketon Close, Follifoot, Harrogate

Lord Irwin, son and heir of the Earl of Halifax, with his cousins Mr. Edward Wood and Miss Emma Wood, children of the Hon. Richard Wood, M.P.



Miss Alexandra Bell, a debutante this year. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Bell, of Thirsk Hall



Lady Angela Oswald, daughter of the Marquess of Exeter, came up from Newmarket



Mrs. George Dickenson. Her husband was formerly deputy chairman of Rowntrees



Mrs. Charles Longbottom, wife of the M.P. for York

End-of-summer gaiety at Frinton

Tennis and Frinton are inseparable terms, and the gala dance held in the clubhouse is an enduring institution.

This year guests danced to two bands for nearly five hours to mark the approaching end of the season

Mr. E. R. Rapkin, captain of the Frinton Tennis Club, and Mrs. Rapkin



Mrs. Jeremy Lyon and Mrs. Michael Percival



Mr. Reginald Wolsey-Neech, owner of Chantry Mount School at Bishop's Stortford, and Mrs. Wolsey-Neech

Mr. Bill Abbott with Mrs. Foster, wife of Mr. Peter Foster, Q.C.



Mr. John Collins and Miss Jennifer Smith at a fruit machine



Mrs. Stanley Walduck, wife of the chairman of the Downhill Only Club, and Mr. Anthony Dixon



Capt. and Mrs. Keith Hitchcock dancing to the Beat Band



Mr. Jeremy Lyon, former captain of the British squash team, with Mrs. Christopher Pertwee

Britannia's luncheon-stop

by Muriel Bowen

Climax of the cruise of the Royal yacht Britannia round the Scottish coast was the stop for a luncheon party given by the Queen Mother to celebrate the 15th birthday of her granddaughter, Princess Anne.

Britannia put into Thurso Bay, the glossy paint on her hull shining like polished mahogany in the early morning sun. It was a very informal, family occasion. The Queen wore a tartan skirt, glen check jacket and a headscarf. Slung on her shoulder was her favourite camera, the one that is carried on so many royal tours by her detective, Inspector Perkins. The only touch of formality was the immaculate boat drill of the sailors, their long chromium-topped boathooks held high, as the royal blue barge came alongside the little pier at Scrabster.

Britannia's cruise from Glasgow to Aberdeen gave special pleasure to the lighthouse men, for along the west and northern coasts of Scotland there are lighthouses every few miles and each one sent its own greeting to the Royal yacht.

A CASTLE REVIVED

The Castle of Mey where the party was held was derelict and almost a ruin 12 years ago. It has been turned into one of the show places of the North of Scotland by the Queen Mother. Walls are painted in soft shades and there is much chintz. There are some lovely pieces of old furniture, most of which the Queen Mother has had purchased on her behalf in recent years.

Outdoors a garden has been created out of a wilderness, and there is a small, handsome herd of black Aberdeen cattle. The Queen Mother is immensely proud of both.

ELEGANCE IN THE GLEN

In Perthshire I found the Gleneagles Hotel—that oasis for the luxury-seeker in the North—full to the doors, something that has not always happened in recent years. There were many American guests (Mr. Ian Jack, the manager, made a successful tour of the U.S. in the winter, complete with kilt, publicising the hotel), and there were, too, a number of attractive, youngish Italian and French couples. The place was also rife with the rumour that, “the man who is going to succeed General de Gaulle” was due at any moment as a member of a French touring party.

Most of the guests, though, were from South of the Border, people for whom the golf and the hotel's elegant and easy way of life brings them back August after August. Some of them have been visiting Gleneagles Hotel since it first opened in 1925.

Staying while I was there were SIR LESLIE & THE HON. LADY GAMAGE; LADY MCKENZIE WOOD and her sister Miss BLANCHE DAVIS; Mr. D. FINNIE, the merchant banker, and Mrs.

FINNIE; Mr. & Mrs. GRAHAM BAILEY on the way south after fishing in Caithness; SIR ROBERT & LADY MENZIES; the EARL OF DERBY, who was golfing as usual; Mr. & Mrs. C. TULLY; Mr. H. C. KER; Mr. & Mrs. W. N. SHANKS; and SIR DAVID & LADY ROBERTSON and their grandchildren.

THE CARDIGAN PROBLEM

Despite the leisurely air of Gleneagles, people get up as early as they do in London. Mr. CHILTON THOMPSON was away shooting soon after 8 a.m.; the HON. Mrs. ROSE was invariably on the first tee by 9 a.m.; and if one wanted to know what was on the 7 a.m. news Mr. E. SILBERMANN was certain to have listened to it.

Shooting is now available for a couple of guns through the season but it has to be booked well in advance. Next year the hotel is taking a stretch of the Tay, so guests will be able to enjoy salmon fishing.

Like all resort hotels, Gleneagles is not without its problems. It will quickly lose its reputation as a smart resort if a sizeable proportion of the guests continue to dress for dinner and dancing as they would for the snug, in tweed skirts and rugged cardigans. People who live with a sense of style cannot find much fascination in a resort where the standard of dress has reached a deplorable low.

BLACK WATCH COCKTAILS

Scotland's big dances all come later in the season, but there have been some very good cocktail parties. One of these was at Doo'cot Park, Perth, when BRIGADIER & Mrs. H. C. BAKER BAKER received the guests on behalf of the officers of the Black Watch. Col. Baker Baker is Colonel of the regiment. Guests included SIR WILLIAM ANSTRUTHER-GRAY, M.P. & LADY ANSTRUTHER-GRAY; SIR DOUGLAS & LADY SPENCER NAIRN; COL. SIR JAMES & LADY HUTCHISON; CAPT. GEORGE & LADY BETTY HAY-DRUMMOND; BRIG. SIR BERNARD & LADY FERGUSON; LORD & LADY FORTEVIOT; and MAJOR JAMES & LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY.

DAMP SQUIB TWELFTH

It was not a very Glorious Twelfth. Thick mist meant a late start to the day, and the general impression I had in Perthshire was that birds were not numerous. SIR DENYS LOWSON had one of the best bags near Pithlochry—65½ brace on the 12th and 78½ the following day. His son IAN, who has his 21st birthday party in Scotland on the 5th, was shooting with him, also Mr. MURRAY PRAIN and LORD CORNWALLIS.

From Dunkeld House, Mr. GILBERT EDGAR went out each day with a party of friends, among them SIR REX COHEN; Mr. DAN SWINDEN; SIR WILFRED VERNON; and SIR ERIC MILLBOURN. They were walking up on Grantully where they had two very good days after a poor start. Mrs. EDGAR was fishing the Tay, where there are a lot of fish, though a seal upstream didn't help.

SIR JOHN MUIR told me he had found the shooting rather indifferent so far. His mother Mrs. “CHATTY” MUIR, who is one of Perth's great characters, has a small but usually very good moor.

Farther north, EARL CADOGAN has bought the beautiful Glen Quaich moor where he has been out with members of his family, and the EARL OF ANCASTER had been shooting from Drummond Castle where sport is described as “by no means great.”

At Amulree Hotel, so attractively run as a shooting and fishing hotel by COL. & Mrs. ARCHIE HADDOW, there has been a succession of parties. Mr. DON WENZOL, who heads the American tyre firm Firestone in this country, has been out on the moors frequently. He described sport as, “So-so, about 55 brace a day walking up.” Bags of that size would thrill most Scots this year. Mr. D. A. BENNETT was shooting with him, also Mr. PATRICK GREENHOUSE and several others.

Another American who took a shoot was Mr. S. T. ALLYN, former chairman of the National Cash Register Company, who was over from Ohio for the Twelfth. He was shooting over Drumour near Dunkeld. But it was not only the guns that came from abroad. Foreign students hiking through Scotland were thrilled at being able to earn £9 a week as beaters. Some of them found the job a little frustrating, such as the German boy at Logiealmond who commented: “Cunning devils, grouse; they keep flying back over our heads!”

TECHNOLOGY SPANS A GAP

Like much of Britain's success story the foundation of grouse shooting rests solidly on the achievements of Victorian technology, in this case the spread of the railways into remoter regions. The car ferry across the Forth used to be full of dogs and brakes on the 11th, but not any more. This year there were only a couple of guns—Mr. GERALD PINCKNEY and his Labrador, Sweep; COL. & Mrs. ALASTAIR SIMPSON bound for Angus; and Mr. & Mrs. MERVYN CHARTERIS, joining diplomatic friends on leave from Japan, who had taken a shoot in Banffshire.

The change has been brought about by last year's opening of the Forth road bridge, which makes a wide, easy gateway to the Highlands. No more of those awful waits in long queues at Queensferry surveying the tumbling waters of the Forth, and worse—being tossed round in the plucky ferryboat, *Robert the Bruce*, until one arrived practically seasick the other side.

THE TASTE IS PRIVILEGE

Much as the Scots like to shoot as many birds as possible on the Twelfth because of their inflated value on that day, it never ceases to amuse them that the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York (not to mention many other similar establishments in London) should offer grouse to diners on that day. An old bird does not really taste good until it has been hung for 10 days, and a young one is pretty tasteless early in the season anyway. The Scots, though, have only one serious complaint about all this—the unfair competition from Yorkshire birds nearer to the London market.

TAILPIECE

Twelve of the 60 Fijian soldiers in Edinburgh to perform a spectacular war dance at the Tattoo were in bed with heavy colds, and two were in hospital with 'flu. Despite winter wool-lies they find Scotland desperately cold.



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Victoria Craven-Smith-Milnes, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Assheton Craven-Smith-Milnes, of Hockerton Manor, Southwell, Notts, shares a dance with Miss Georgina Denison and Miss Laura Thompson-Royds at Claridge's on 3 November



LENARE

Miss Amanda Lakin, daughter of Lieut. Commander & Mrs. Barklie Lakin, of Anick Cottage, Hexham, Northumberland, is having a dance on 13 November, in Northumberland



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Hilary Smith, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Donald Smith, of Little Court, Buntingford, Herts, is sharing a dance with Miss Celestia Sporborg, on 24 September, in Hertfordshire

PRIVATE PARTIES FOR THE LITTLE SEASON

PRIVATE DANCES SEPTEMBER

Saturday 4

Viscountess Weir and Mrs. J. O. MacAndrew for their daughters the Hon. Janet Weir and Amanda MacAndrew at Montgreenan Kilwinning, Ayrshire.

Friday 10

Mrs. George Wyndham for her daughter Katherine Wyndham at Orchard Wyndham, Somerset.

Mrs. T. N. Catlow for her daughter Claire Catlow, small dance at Thurland Castle, near Carnforth, Lancashire.

Mrs. Derrick Bunkall for her daughter Caroline Bunkall in Norfolk.

Saturday 11

Mrs. Peter Mackay-James for her daughter Nicola Mackay-James and the coming-of-age of her son Farrier Mackay-James at Glencruitten, near Oban.

Friday 17

Mrs. J. W. G. Hume for her daughter Mary Hume at Dalnabreck, Ballintoun, Perthshire.

Lady Byers for her daughter the Hon. Luise Byers in Surrey.

Saturday 18

Viscountess Leverhulme for her daughter the Hon. Jane Lever in Cheshire.

Thursday 23

Mrs. Harman Grisewood and Mrs. Peter Milne for their daughters Sabina Grisewood and Georgina Milne at Hurlingham Club.

Friday 24

Viscountess Watkinson and Mrs. Roland Beamont for their daughters the Hon. Rosemary Watkinson and Patricia Beamont in Surrey.

Mrs. Harry Sporborg and Mrs. Donald Smith for their daughters Celestia Sporborg and Hilary Smith in Hertfordshire.

Saturday 25

Lady McGowan and Mrs. Neil Foster for their daughters the Hon. Moana McGowan and Roseanne Foster in Northamptonshire.

Wednesday 29

Mrs. Peter Clarke for her daughter Patricia Clarke at 30 Pavilion Road, S.W.1.

Thursday 30

Countess Howe for her daughter Lady Mary Gaye Curzon at the Dorchester.

OCTOBER

Friday 1

The Duchess of Rutland for her step-daughter Lady Charlotte Manners at Belvoir Castle. Mrs. Philip Holbrook for her daughter Marilyn Holbrook at Upper Court, Fairmile, Esher. Mrs. J. M. R. Tomkin for her daughter Caroline Tomkin at The Red House, Wissett, Suffolk.

Saturday 2

Mrs. Hugh Henderson for her step-daughter Lorraine Henderson and the coming-of-age of her step-daughter Virginia Henderson and of her own son and daughter Brian and Catherine O'Grady at Brockhall, Northampton.

Mrs. H. M. Jones-Mortimer for her daughter Loraine Jones-Mortimer at Ruthin Castle.

Tuesday 5

Mrs. Brian Pomeroy and Mrs. Stuart Aylmer for their daughters Louise Pomeroy and Juliet Aylmer at the River Room, Savoy.



PHOTOGRAPHS: ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Tessa Mordaunt, daughter of Sir Nigel Mordaunt, Bt., & Lady Mordaunt, of Elsenham Place, Bishop's Stortford, Herts, is sharing a dance at her home on 16 October with Miss Lucinda Lawrence, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Lawrence



Miss Sarah Anderson, daughter of Mr. John and Lady Gillian Anderson, of Trevor Place, S.W.7, is sharing a dance with Miss Jean Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of Maj.-Gen. the Hon. Michael Fitzalan-Howard and step-daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Michael Fitzalan-Howard, in London, on 18 October



Miss Wendy Don, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don, of Victoria Rd., W.8, and the Manor, Stonesfield, Oxon, is having a dance in London on 4 November

Wednesday 6

Mrs. Garth Priestman for her daughter Lee Priestman at Quaglino's.

Thursday 7

Mrs. Richard Norman for her daughter Isabel Norman at 22 Kensington Palace Gardens.

Friday 8

Viscount De Lisle for his daughter the Hon. Anne Sidney at Penshurst Place, Kent.

Saturday 9

The Marchioness of Exeter for her daughter Lady Victoria Cecil at Burghley House, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

Tuesday 12

Lady Ripley and Mrs. Michael O'Dwyer for their daughters Caroline Ripley and Anna O'Dwyer at Claridge's.

Thursday 14

Lady Howard de Walden for her daughter the Hon. Camilla Scott-Ellis at the Dorchester.

Friday 15

Mrs. Cely Trevilian for her daughter Teresa Cely Trevilian at Midelney Manor, Somerset.

Saturday 16

Lady Mordaunt and Mrs. Guy Lawrence for their daughters Tessa Mordaunt and Lucinda Lawrence at Elsenham Place, Bishop's Stortford.
Comtesse Guy de Pelet for her daughter Elizabeth de Pelet in Somerset.

Monday 18

Lady Gillian Anderson and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Fitzalan-Howard for Lady

Gillian's daughter Sarah Anderson and Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard's step-daughter Jean Fitzalan-Howard in London.

Tuesday 19

Mrs. Peter Fanshawe for her daughter Veronica Fanshawe in London.

Friday 22

Mrs. Edward Phillips for her daughter Nikki Phillips at The Old Place, Boveney, Windsor.

Mrs. Robin Johnston for her daughter Auriol Johnston at Merstham, Surrey.

Saturday 23

Mrs. J. E. Doniger for her daughter Pamela Doniger in Cheshire.

Mrs. James Round for her daughter Claire Round, small dance in Essex.

Mrs. R. A. B. Gosling for the coming-of-age of her son Andrew Gosling in the country.

Mrs. Keith Anderson for her son Christopher Oldham and for her step-daughter Ianthe Anderson in Sussex.

Tuesday 26

The Hon. Mrs. Keith for her daughter Camilla Keith in London.

Friday 29

Mrs. E. S. St. Leger Moore for her daughter Elizabeth St. Leger Moore in Kent.

Mrs. Harry Birkbeck and Mrs. Peter Wilkinson for their daughters, Susan Birkbeck and Virginia Wilkinson at Westacre High House, Norfolk.

Saturday 30

Mrs. William Harrison and Mrs. William Clowes for their daughters Susannah Harrison and Louisa Clowes, small dance at Wychnor Park, Burton-on-Trent.

NOVEMBER

Tuesday 2

Mrs. Patricia Collins for her daughter Anna Collins in London.

Wednesday 3

Mrs. A. Craven-Smith-Milnes, Mrs. C. Thompson-Royds and Mrs. W. M. E. Denison for their daughters Victoria Craven-Smith-Milnes, Laura Thompson-Royds and Georgina Denison at Claridge's.

Thursday 4

Mrs. Stuart Don for her daughter Wendy Don in London.

Mrs. A. H. Aldridge for her daughter Annabel Aldridge in London.

Monday 8

Mrs. Tom Saul for her daughter Honor Saul at the Hyde Park.

Saturday 13

Mrs. Barklie Lakin for her daughter Amanda Lakin in Northumberland.

Saturday 20

Mrs. Gerald Cookson for her daughter Grania Caulfeild and for the coming-of-age of her son John Caulfeild in Suffolk.

Thursday 25

Mrs. Edmund Calvert for her daughter Jennifer Calvert, small dance in London.

DECEMBER

Monday 6

Lady Margaret Sandeman-Allen for her daughter Judith Sandeman-Allen in London.

Wednesday 8

Mrs. Humphrey Brooke for her daughter Sophie Brooke in London

Thursday 9

Mrs. G. H. Loxston-Peacock for her daughter Felicity Loxston-Peacock in London.

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer



Miss Grania Caulfeild, daughter of Col. Toby Caulfeild, and of Mrs. Gerald Cookson, of the Chantry, Rougham, Bury St. Edmunds, is sharing a dance at The Chantry on 20 November with her brother Mr. John Caulfeild (to celebrate his coming-of-age)

Friday 17

The Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vivian for her twin daughters Eugénie and Victoria Vivian at Claridge's.

COCKTAIL PARTIES

SEPTEMBER

Thursday 23

Mrs. Alan Redmayne for her daughter Shannon Redmayne at 54 Chester Square.

Wednesday 29

Mrs. Leonard Caplan for her daughter Isabel Caplan at Gray's Inn Hall.

OCTOBER

Friday 1

Mrs. Adrian Dent for her daughter Janet Dent in London.

Monday 4

Mrs. Richard Cumming for her daughter Carol Anne Cumming at the Ski Club.

Thursday 7

Mrs. David Lowther for her niece Marie Prichard-Jones in London.

Monday 11

Mrs. Lance Martin for her daughter Drusilla Martin, cocktail dance in London.

Wednesday 13

Mrs. John Miller for her daughter Cherrill Angas, cocktail dance in London.

Tuesday 19

Mrs. David Colquhoun for her daughter Gillian Colquhoun in London.

Wednesday 20

Mrs. Jason Borthwick for her daughter Celia Borthwick in London.

DECEMBER

Tuesday 14

Mrs. John Harman for her daughter Janet Harman, cocktail dance in London.

"It all started with the former Secretary of State for Scotland, Mr. Michael Noble, challenging us to entertain the visitors in our midst. We set out to show that a small but virile village like this could do it." That is how the Newtonmore Fortnight was explained to me by the Convener of the Fortnight Committee, Mr. J. Richmond. And Newtonmore has recently been showing the rest of Scotland, as well as its visitors, just how well it can do it. The Fortnight has included Highland Games, a gathering of the Clan Macpherson, ceilidhs, balls, barn dances, shinty matches, a conducted tour of the district's distilleries, a gun club shoot and, as a grand finale, a fireworks display and bonfire.

Though, as Mr. Richmond emphasized, the Fortnight isn't being held merely to attract tourists to the town, the fact remains very clear that it does attract them—in large numbers, and from all parts of the world—and very happy they all seem to be to find so much entertainment laid on.

An impressive sight

This year about 4,000 people attended the games which coincided with the Clan Macpherson Gathering and set the Fortnight off to a fine start. It was an impressive sight to see the Macphersons, piped on by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, marching in force over the Spey to the Eilan' Field where the games were held. They were led by a Colour Party bearing their greatly treasured Bratach Uaine, the ancient green banner of the Clan. Leader of the march was Mr. Allan Macpherson of Inverness who is chairman of the Macpherson Association, and the members of the Clan were welcomed to the Games by Colonel M. B. H. Ritchie, Chieftain of the Games, who now lives at Glenborrowdale Castle, Ardnamurchan.

Lord Drumalbyn was among the marchers and, at a "Ceilidh and Cabaret" later in the Fortnight, he showed that he could sing as well as march. On this occasion his mother, Lady Stewart Macpherson, who recently celebrated her 90th birthday, was presented with a silver cat Clan brooch and a bouquet of the Clan flowers—white heather, box, and whortleberry—which had been gathered locally.

Craigdhu, the 2,300 ft. hill that dominates Newtonmore, provided one of the most spectacular displays of the Games. This year 18 young men proved that they were superbly sound in wind and limb by running to the top and back—the winner did the trip in 31

minutes! The course was marked out very effectively by eight white ponies set at intervals along the route.

First grandchild

Elated over the arrival of their first grandchild are Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Urquhart of Craigston. The baby is the son of their daughter Holly, who was married last year to Signor Fabrizio Pratesi, an architect in Rome. Mrs. Pratesi came back to Scotland for the birth of her baby and is at present staying with her parents at Craigston Castle.

"Her husband is coming over to take her home," Mrs. Urquhart told me, "but I don't think they will be going until about the end of September. It's too hot in Rome just now." It will be a new home for Mrs. Pratesi as well as the baby, for her husband has recently acquired a flat for them overlooking the Forum. Mrs. Pratesi will be taking an English nanny back with her.

The baby, Mrs. Urquhart tells me, will probably be christened in Scotland and his names are to be William Bosco Maria. "At least," adds Mrs. Urquhart, "he'll be William when he's in this country."

Also home at Craigston Castle just now is the Urquharts' son Alexander who is studying at McGill University in Canada.

Documentary films

For some time now the American Broadcasting Company has been commissioning outstanding sportsmen throughout the United States to make a series of documentary sports films of the American sportsman abroad.

Recently staying on the Invercauld Estates, the Deeside home of Captain & Mrs. Alwyne Farquharson of Invercauld to film the Scottish contribution to the series, were General Curtis Le May, who retired as Chief of Staff of the American Air Force earlier this year, and Mr. Harrison Evans.

When I spoke to General Le May at the beginning of his stay he told me they had already taken what he hoped would be some good shots of grouse shooting. They were hoping to film some deer stalking. "We shall probably wind up with a stag," he said, "we have already seen lots of them." As for the other example of Scottish sporting life which they have chosen to record—salmon fishing—"well," he said speculatively, "perhaps it's a bit late for salmon, but there are fish in the river—so . . ."

WINTER QUARTET



Dunn's River falls at Ocho Rios, Jamaica

OFF-SEASON TRAVEL by Doone Beal

There are two kinds of season: that which is created by demand, and that which is made by its own appeal. The season for most of the Caribbean falls into the first category. It is just about the *only* place in which to be certain of lying on a beach between Christmas and Easter. The fact that (as the locals will tell you) the weather is at its best from March to July is of little avail to the hoteliers, who at that time are competing with Spain, Greece and Italy for their European custom, and with Florida, California and Maine for their American.

The truth is that the Caribbean probably has as good an all year climate as anywhere in the world, but economic considerations are such that between May and December the hotel rates drop between 25 and 50 per cent. Thus, during the autumn, there is less life—indeed, you may find things distinctly quiet. But remember that during the early spring the trade winds blow their hardest (this is unarguable fact), and we are still in the northern hemisphere. Yet living with such a vast improvement on conditions elsewhere—and it is rather seductive to read of blizzards in New York when one is lying in 70 degrees of sunshine—who, given the money to afford it, is going to quibble?

I should add at this point that B.O.A.C., in conjunction with the hotels, have so fixed their rates in the Caribbean that it is now possible to spend a holiday, transport and hotels included, for as little as £135 in Bermuda; and from £160 in the further flung islands to the south, beginning with Nassau and ending with the tip of the windward chain, in Barbados. Indeed, it is only folly to consider booking airline and hotels separately. Throughout the islands, many of the hotels operate an exchange system for meals (Barbados does this in a particularly big way). And the kind of restaurant life which, in Europe, makes one resent being tied to a single hotel is almost non-existent.

I shall deal with Bermuda first, since it is rather an exception to the other three islands and cannot strictly be considered Caribbean at all. Rather, it should be described as mid-Atlantic, in every sense of the word. To English visitors Bermuda has an American flavour: prices are quoted in U.S. dollars, hamburger shops abound. And an institution that no Englishman could ever have dreamed up is the Activities Desk, which goes hand in hand with Honeymoon Get-togethers in the big hotels. Yet, to the Americans, Bermuda is an almost theatrical representation of Britain, with tea shops full of copper kettles, china shops full of Royal Worcester and every shop full of Irish linen and Scottish cashmeres.

Bermuda is also an exception in having, broadly speaking, an official summer season, and putting prices slightly up rather than down between May and December. But really the objectives in Bermuda are different, too; it is not entirely for beach-lying (magnificent though the beaches are); it is for golf, with two championship courses, and infinitely better conditions of both play and climate than exist elsewhere; for deep sea fishing, and for sailing. There are two quite different types of hotel: the big glossies, such as Elbow Beach Surf Club, and some attractive cottage colonies such as Cambridge Beaches and Aerial Sands. Expect to pay between £5 and £8 a day per head excluding lunch.

In Jamaica, one has the sensation of a country, not an island. It is at once solid and

dramatic, with a landscape varying from jungle through heath to the Blue Mountains. Kingston, the capital, is a sophisticated, vibrant city by Caribbean standards, Morgan's Harbour, across the bay from it, is the best base if you want a foot in both camps. Otherwise, the resort area is on the north coast; choose, in descending order of urbanity, between Montego Bay, Ocho Rios and Port Antonio. One of the classic bywords for jet-set living is Round Hill, to the west of Montego (open December to May only, from £12 a day per head). Sunset Lodge, in Montego, is a good example of the smallish, personally run hotel of luxury standard. Shaw Park, in Ocho Rios, has lovely bedrooms right on the beach, but I also like the smaller, cheaper and much older Sans Souci. In Port Antonio, the wildest and most lovely part of the island, choose between Frenchman's Cove at £50 a day for two, with unlimited transport free, throughout the island, personal butler and maid in your cottage, and a blank cheque for drinks; or hiring a small house, to sleep four, at £50 a week.

Barbados is perhaps the easiest (as well as being among the smallest) of all the islands. Between the big hotels on St. James' beach—Coral Reef, Colony, Sandy Lane—social life, both local and visiting, really hums. Coral Reef is perhaps the most relaxed; you breakfast on your private cottage terrace with only humming birds for company, and drift away the day between water and beach. Something goes on at one or other of the hotels, all more or less within walking distance, most evenings. For plantation house living, try Sam Lord's Castle, away on the other, wilder coast of the island, with splendid breakers or a swimming pool. Bridgetown is not one of the compulsive beauties, but it is an agreeable little capital. Its focal point is the Flying Fish, where the locals gather towards noon to sit on slack cane chairs, drink rum punches and discuss the day's gossip. In many ways Bridgetown is rather like an English market town transplanted in the tropics—one whose clocks stopped ticking about 50 years ago.

Nassau is in itself a flat, rich [little metropolis in which (for me, at any rate) two days will do just as well as six. Yet it is the base from which to reach some of the most deserted and lovely strips of sand that exist in the Out Islands. 50 minutes' flight in one direction takes you to Exuma (two pubs, a bank, a Methodist chapel and a booming real-estate development). Life, in fact, ricochets between Peace & Plenty and the Two Turtles. One's fellow guests are frequently yachtsmen who put in to refuel six months ago and never left. Harbour Island lies just off the coast of Eleuthera, and you get there by ferry boat after a short flight from Nassau. What you find is a rock pool community with a strong flavour of Greenwich Village. Picaroon Cove, Dunmow Beach and Runaway typify the guest house-cum-hotel that holds sway there. The town—if such one can call it—is a series of white lanes threaded between pretty, painted clapboard houses, with the odd bar and a handful of boutiques. The beach is long, white and windy; living is informal, in a highly sophisticated sort of way.

A selection of package arranged holidays which B.O.A.C. has made in conjunction with leading hoteliers in the islands includes:—Bermuda, 10 days from £135; Nassau, 17 days from £162; Jamaica, 16 days from £218, and Barbados, 17 days from £198. These holidays are available through all leading travel agents.



FRANCIS GOODMAN

In the native harbour at Nassau, Bahamas



Stocks and pillory in the market square of St. George, Jamaica



PHOTOGRAPHS: GERRY BRENES

Cambridge Beaches, a popular cottage colony in Somerset Parish, Bermuda

THE AFFLUENT BEACHCOMBERS

OFF-SEASON TRAVEL
by Roger Beardwood

Government House, St. Lucia, is an airy Victorian confection with a wide verandah looking across manicured lawns to Castries harbour and the airport beyond. As I drank a second gin and fresh lime with the Acting Administrator, Colonel Chapman, a Boeing 727 made its fifth landing of the evening. The Jet Age had come to the Windward Islands.

St. Lucians will cheer almost anything; but their applause for the 727's test landings was heartfelt. Until recently St. Lucia has been too remote to catch the casual tourist; its 238 square miles of vivid green scenery fringed with pale beaches are almost unspoilt. Now, with B.O.A.C. flying 707 jets from London to Barbados, and two local airlines an inter-island service, St. Lucia will soon be on the tourist map. Already, there is one de luxe hotel, the St. Lucia Beach, owned by the Commonwealth Development Corporation; and several property developers have schemes.

The most advanced and ambitious development is Cap Estate in the north. Owned by Gill Lister Associates, a British consortium, these 2,000 acres of meadows and wooded hills are surrounded by the sea on three sides. There are several beaches, as well as 100-ft. cliffs rising sheer from the water. Lister, a brisk young Englishman who has done several other Caribbean developments, has already laid new roads, and plans to have a nine-hole golf course open by April.

A maximum of 500 one-acre plots will be sold (a dozen have gone in the three months since the scheme was announced) at an average of £4,000 each. This is relatively high; but that price includes an equity in the rest of the estate, which will not be developed, and covenants to prevent any plot being sub-divided. As Lister's firm also has the right to reject building plans, and is determined to create "a park-like atmosphere," purchasers should be safe from multi-storey blocks spoiling the view.

Building costs are fairly high, despite low wages, because most materials must be imported. Lister estimates that a villa with three bedrooms, two bathrooms, living-room, study, kitchen, two terraces and servants' quarters will not cost less than £5,000. The total for land, house and furniture is not likely to be less than £12,000—enough to make people ask what they will get for their money.

Well, apart from the estate itself, which is impressive, they will get a good climate, particularly from October to April, when the rainfall is low; and the fishing, shooting and sailing are interesting. But most people, I think, will like St. Lucia for its beaches, and the slow, leisurely way of life.

"We're just a lot of beachcombers here," said one American who has been there nine years. But it is beachcombing on an opulent

scale: the official estimate is that a couple without children need £2,000 a year to live comfortably.

St. Lucia is a place for people with a pioneering spirit, Majorca for people who prefer to follow the crowd. A far larger island—1,300 square miles to St. Lucia's 238—between Spain and Africa, it got on the tourist map in the prop-driven air age. Incredibly, that is only 15 years ago; and the marching ranks of hotels and flats along the coast near Palma are barely 10 years old.

Development has been unplanned and haphazard, a rebuttal of arguments against strict planning regulations. But Majorca still has much to offer people who want a weekend and holiday home only two hours from London, or a year-round residence away from the tourists.

There has been a lot of over-building in the past three years, and the choice of properties is wide. A three-room flat in Palma or the nearby resorts of Calamayor and Palma Nova will cost from £3,000 upwards. There are dozens of housing estates, with villas from £7,000; and several hundred larger plots of land are available, many of them in remote areas.

The choice is bewildering, and it needs to be made cautiously. Majorca has come a long way in a short time, and building standards are not as high there as they should be; a well-plastered wall can conceal some shoddy work, and doors, windows and fittings are generally of low quality. Electrical and water installations also need to be examined carefully: the main fuses sometimes cannot take a full load from the outlets provided.

Indeed, the wisest course is to have a property professionally surveyed, either by an expert from the mainland or Britain.

Unfortunately, this is seldom done, even by people who would not buy a seaside bungalow in Britain without a surveyor's report. The sun or something obviously wrinkles their normal cautiousness.

Spanish law operates in Majorca, and conveyancing is rather sketchy by British standards. Purchase of land is relatively simple: it is flats that provide problems. Few contracts include mutually restrictive covenants (noise, light, use of premises, for instance), and the concept of horizontal freehold is so expressed that a British lawyer told me: "I could drive a horse and cart through those loopholes." Of course, hundreds of Britons do live happily in Majorca, and probably another thousand are pleased with the flats and houses they have bought for holidays; a minority has been less fortunate.

The over-supply of property has had at least one good result from the buyer's viewpoint. The practice of selling flats before they are built has almost ceased. A few years ago there was such a shortage that a good profit could be made by paying a 30 per cent deposit on an unfinished flat, and selling the contract before the next payment was due. When the boom flattened out, some speculators were left holding a flat they did not want, and did not make the second payment. The developer, who had counted on selling all the flats before they were built, was unable to carry on with the work; and people who had bought because they really wanted a flat were left with an equity in an unfinished building.

Things are much better now, and development is becoming far more professional. It is still a good idea, though, to be no less business-like in Majorca than you would be in Manchester.



Fishing boat leaves St. Lucia

ISRAEL

OFF-SEASON TRAVEL by Robin Dewhurst

Israel has attracted more than its average share of descriptive clichés. In a spate of over-worked phrases it has been called variously a melting pot, a nation in the making, a modern miracle. It is also a land where East meets West (and where East sometimes overtakes West), a contrast of old and new, an infant prodigy.

The clichés, of course, are infuriatingly true. But to the despairingly cynical, these well worn descriptions may repel rather than attract. They also overlook one significant factor—that Israel is a genuine winter sunshine holiday country in its own right that need have nothing to do with idealism, nationalism or patriotism.

For in winter you can swim in guaranteed sunshine with the temperatures in the high 70's—and average yearly rainfall of one inch—at Eilat on Israel's extreme southern tip; and at Tiberias, where a lush shore line encircles the Sea of Galilee, you can sit in the open and eat grilled fish freshly caught.

Along the 100-mile long indented sandy Mediterranean coastline the modern resort hotels are clustered around Tel Aviv—but the winter weather here is less predictable, though always mild, with several days of rain during January and February.

For complete solitude, and a barren remoteness surprising in a country as compact as Israel, descend to the Dead Sea, 1,292 feet below sea level. You leave Beersheba, where at the Thursday morning markets dark and handsome Bedouins ride in on camels to begin

the ancient ritual of bargaining; the road dips down past withering scrub and white escarpments of rock to Sodom, the lowest point on earth. Here, in the shadow of a tall pillar of salt (Lot's wife by legend) you can float on the salty surface of the Dead Sea and read your morning paper undisturbed.

But the past is already catching up. In Jerusalem, the coolest place in winter, with an average temperature of 50 degrees, it is impossible to miss. There is the Tomb of King David on Mount Zion, the Chamber of the Last Supper, the Mea Shearim quarter where ultra-Orthodox Jews cling to ancient restrictions on dress and conduct—and dislike tourists who offend their beliefs, however unconsciously.

In this way you sooner or later become inextricably caught in Israel's two worlds. You visit the Mount of Beatitudes, where Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount; then you find yourself peering through a prohibitive barbed wire fence at an atomic plant.

Sooner or later curiosity will draw you away from the beaches of Herzliya, near Tel Aviv, or the comfort of your air-conditioned hotel in Haifa, to see whether all those clichés are correct.

Israel's small size (it is little larger than Wales) simplifies sightseeing. Internal rail and air travel is limited but efficient, and a wide network of bus routes covers the entire country. Touring can be as variable, interesting and surprising as the land itself. Share a



PHOTOGRAPHS: CHAS. McDEVITT

Narrow back street in Nazareth

sherut, a seven-seater American model car plying for fares along a set route, and your fellow passengers may be of American, Russian or Rumanian origin. Pack into a bus and above the multi-lingual babble you will hear the strains of a violin concerto or the latest Hebrew pop song over the coach radio.

Hotels are rather more conventional, with first class establishments following a good international standard. But there is a big drop between these and cheaper ones, where food and service fall, sometimes alarmingly.

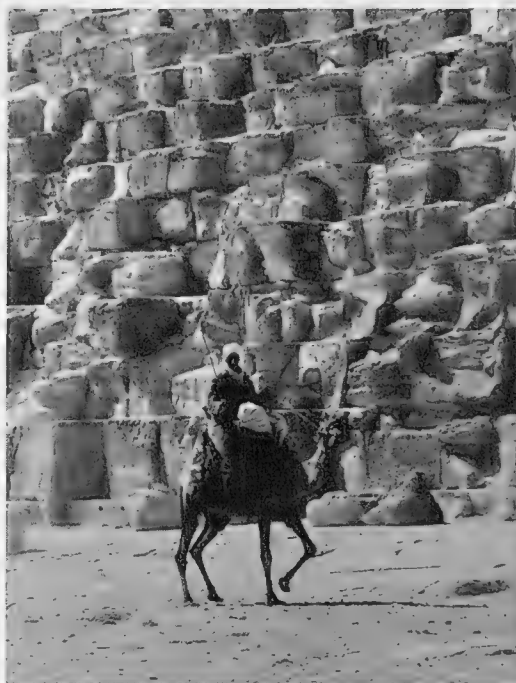
For those who want a closer contact with modern Israel than hotel life usually affords there are guest houses run by *kibbutzum*, the inhabitants of the predominantly agricultural collective settlements. Cheaper than hotels, *kibbutz* guest houses are clean and well kept, with simple but wholesome food. Rates are under £2 a day for bed and breakfast.



The Israeli-Jordanian border that bisects Jerusalem. Mount Zion (left) is in Israel and the Dome of the Rock (right) in Jordan

EGYPT

OFF-SEASON TRAVEL by Sebastian Cash



GERRY BRENEIS

Above: The Khan el Khalili bazaar in Cairo. Top left: Felucca on the upper Nile at Luxor. Top right: Camel passing the Cheops Pyramid, Giza

There is a constant metallic tapping like a high speed automatic machine at work. It pierces the general clamour of Egypt's bazaars, curiously out of place among the white-gowned crowd shuffling aimlessly along the narrow passageways. At first, in the thick musty air spiced occasionally by sudden wafts of exotic smells, it is difficult to locate this insistent hammering. And then you see them—cross legged craftsmen sitting unperturbed by passers-by, heads bowed in concentration, beating away relentlessly at copper and brass *objets d'art*. They may be inscribing heads of Nefertiti on giant trays or engraving the sphinx on elegant vases.

Cairo's Khan-el-Khalili bazaar gives a fascinating glimpse of a world that one fears may disappear. It is an essential piece of Cairo, part commercialized and part untouched for centuries.

It is a world our grandfathers, lazing their way leisurely along the Nile to escape the rigorous northern winters, would recognize instantly. For Egypt is the original of winter sunshine countries and there are still collector's pieces of Victoriana to prove it.

Two world wars did little to change the Egypt of heavy wooden Nile steamers floating between temple and tomb on the Upper Nile, with nightly lectures on tomorrow's sights and Verdi and Strauss playing in the lounge. Or the vast hotels with palms in the lobby and giant fans revolving creakily in the high, old bedrooms. Nasser's revolution has had more effect, replacing this world with more efficient modern equipment, removing Cairo's once seamy night life and obliging belly dancers to cover up their midriffs.

The tourist facilities may be improving—despite problems of hotel and aircraft over-bookings and service geared all too often to tipping and even then sometimes indifferent—but the reasons for tourism remain unaltered.

There are still the cruises, many with guest lecturers, that ply along the Nile, visiting the prodigious antiquities of Karnak and Luxor and the construction of the great dam above Aswan that once threatened to submerge the Nubian monuments at Abu Simbel, the rescue of which is now nearing completion.

The river here is at its loveliest, a Nile scene of tall palms, mud hut villages, domed buildings and graceful feluccas with their huge sails and overloaded cargoes of earthenware pots, baskets and cotton. Here the river is dotted with enchanting islands. The sun shines on the Upper Nile, virtually unchanged for more than 3,000 years.

Nearly 400 miles downstream—15 hours by night train sleeper, two by air—Cairo's high summer heat has tempered down to cooler days with temperatures in the late fifties and early sixties. The sun shines more often than not on new upright buildings dotting the banks of the Nile, on itinerant shoeshine boys and obsequious unofficial guides materializing from nowhere with offers of "take you round, captain sir" services.

There is the Sphinx, smaller than many photographs suggest but strangely moving, and the Pyramids—all enhanced by the *son et lumière* performances that mask the tourist trappings so obvious by day.

And at the mouth of the Nile, lapped by the Mediterranean, lies the more orthodox resort of Alexandria; ideal for relaxation, with less of historic interest, though still with plenty to exercise an active mind. But the climate here is cooler than in other parts and Alexandria virtually shuts down as a holiday resort for the mid-winter season.



Above: The gigantic Roman temple at Baalbek in the middle of the Bekaa plain 54 miles from Beirut. Above right: The southern harbour at Tyre, south of Beirut and only 10 miles from the Israeli frontier. Below: The Great Mosque at Sidon seen from the Crusader Castle



MARC SHARRATT

OFF-SEASON TRAVEL by Robin Dewhurst

The old traveller's tale of ski-ing on snowy slopes one hour and swimming from sandy beaches the next comes true in Lebanon. Other countries fringing the Mediterranean may lay similar claims, but here there is an extra sense of sophisticated achievement. You can ski in Alpine conditions near the majestic cedars of Lebanon, whose wood was used for Egyptian tombs and Roman ships; and a little later you can slip into the waters of the Mediterranean near Beirut.

Best time for ski-ing is between January and April, when the spring snow gives an ideal surface—best for swimming is almost any time, though admittedly winter days can cloud over and air and sea temperatures drop.

In a sense, Lebanon from the tourist viewpoint is the most complete of all Middle East countries. Few nations so compact—it is half the size of Wales—have as many archaeological sites and are stamped indelibly with the footprints of history. Certainly, none has in addition comparable modern amenities to tempt the tourist.

Socially, Lebanon is well advanced. Beirut has a sophisticated, almost Parisian touch, with high night-life and international standard hotels—though overall prices are lower. By day you can swim in sea or pool, water-ski, fish, play tennis and golf or just sit at a pavement café and watch. Shopping is a matter of bargaining in a bazaar or, for the less adventurous, buying in a supermarket. By night you have the choice of numerous night clubs and 300 restaurants serving any-

thing from Lebanese *mezze* (a vast and spicy hors d'oeuvre) to Hungarian goulash. Just half an hour's drive from the capital, at the Casino du Liban, the largest in the world, you can play roulette, chemin-de-fer or baccarat staking as little as 5s. or dance and dine rather more expensively.

Historically, the relics of ancient civilizations lie open for inspection throughout the country. Byblos, north along the beautiful coast road from Beirut, is reputed to be the oldest continuously inhabited place on earth, with remains from Neolithic to Ottoman times to prove it. Here, incidentally, is an excellent restaurant overlooking the picture postcard fishing harbour.

At Baalbek, in the shadow of 10,000 ft. high mountain peaks, lies the most majestic and impressive group of classical temples anywhere. You can disregard the plain fact that here, on the site of the ancient Phoenician temple to Baal, the Romans built a shrine of 60 ft. high columns. Words are useless; but the monumental impression of Baalbek, its forlorn splendour, is overwhelming. The stillness of these formidable ruins bursts into life during the summer festival of music and drama.

There are other places too—such as Sidon, where Christ preached, and Tripoli where the road leads on to the "Sacred Valley," ringed with precipitous hills dotted with dozens of tiny villages.

Geographically, this is the Biblical land of "Milk and Honey," with sweet smelling orange and olive groves, banana plantations, high mountains alternately carpeted with snow or alive with flowers.

Despite the pull of the Orient and all its implications, you will have to look hard to find a camel; there is no desert and the hubble-bubble is fast becoming a period piece for the antique shops. You will see contrasts, almost cruel in the light of affluent Beirut, but probably only to the visitor—the villager toiling over hard-baked soil with primitive plough, or selling watermelons—but to whom?—on an empty tract of deserted road detached from village or home.

LEBANON

OFF-SEASON TRAVEL

by Roger Smithells

The peaks that ring Mexico City disguise the fact that you are already at a mountain altitude of 7,350 feet above sea level with an atmosphere to match. The effect on the visitor—like much in Mexico—is at once exhilarating and disturbing.

Whether you come in search of perpetual sunshine, haunting landscapes, ancient cities or astounding Maya and Aztec relics, Mexico City is likely to be your launching pad. Installed in one of its grander hotels you could as well be in Las Vegas, Montreal or Miami, so closely do the appointments conform to the glossy North American model. But step out into the streets and you are immediately plunged into a gaudier world.

From the baroque splendours of the Cathedral in the immense Zocalo square and the huge, savage murals adorning the modern buildings of University City, to the primitive shanty town areas that lie between, this is a city of extremes.

In the thronged streets are olive Spanish and ebony Indian faces, some as startlingly grim as sculptured Aztec gods. Children tumble everywhere, pausing in their games to regard the foreigner with dark, relentless eyes. Here you may see brilliantly robed figures flocking to some Biblical pageant, a procession of penitents making the three-mile journey to the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe on their knees or, surprisingly, a press of culture-hungry townsfolk jostling for entry to the splendid new National Museum of Anthropology.

For an afternoon escape from the bustle of Mexico City, drive out to Xochimilco where you can hire a vivid little flower-

decked and canopied punt and drift among the floating gardens with a floating orchestra to serenade you.

Mandatory, on a first visit to Mexico City, is the 27-mile trip to Teotihuacan to see the remains of an immense Aztec city, dominated by the great pyramids of moon and sun. And if yours is an archaeological pilgrimage the air hop from Mexico City to Merida in Yucatan will land you within easy reach of the impressive and baffling Maya ruins of Chichen Itza. Here the iguana bask in the sun and you can lunch idyllically at the nearby *hacienda*-style Mayaland hotel.

But if you have come to Mexico for a winter holiday in broiling sun you will make for the palm-fringed beaches and sophisticated pleasures of Acapulco on the southern Pacific coast. It is worthwhile to make the journey from Mexico City to Acapulco one way by road through a magnificent sweep of torrid mountain country. The eye is constantly startled by explosions of brilliant colour in a burnt up landscape. Flowering trees burst into flame. Whole villages are painted in biting acid blues and greens. Even beehives are candy-striped and Indian women, their jet hair tied in plaits, wear trailing rainbow coloured scarves.

Pause on your way at the enchanting township of Cuernavaca where Cortes' palace faces a shaded square and the market stalls are piled high with cantaloupe, cucumber, pineapple, jicama and papaya. If time allows, make an overnight stop in Taxco. This outrageously picturesque 16th-century Spanish colonial silver mining town clings to a steep mountainside and blazes with flowers. In the narrow cobbled streets every other shop is an Aladdin's cave of silverware and semi-precious stones and though the place is not without its tourist traps, it is also a tourist's

dream town, not to be missed. Here you can stay in comfort at the Posada de la Mision—a kind of souped-up monastery with a complex of galleries, tunnels, balconies, courtyards, furtive little staircases and its own swimming pool, backed by the inevitable patriotic mural.

Acapulco is a teeming pleasure town with a choice of international style hotels, each with its own swimming pool. There are sweeping sandy beaches with little bars where you can loll in the shade of palm trees drinking potent *tequila*—after the customary lick of salt from the back of your hand—or a coc-fizz of gin or vodka served in a half-coconut and drunk through a straw.

There is a throbbing night life and little restaurants serving good seafood. Try the clam soup or the fish *paella* in the shady courtyard of the Pica Laguna, a modest eating place tucked away in a side street, where you can enjoy a princely meal at a remarkably modest price.

From the Caleta beach, glass bottomed boats will take you out to watch underwater swimmers feeding shoals of strange and brilliant fish beneath your feet and give you a wavering glimpse of the statue of the Virgin anchored to a rock beneath the waters of the bay.

If this year-round playground is too strident for your taste you can still find, along the same idyllic coast, such smaller resorts as Zihuatango, Puerto Vallarta and Mazatlan, due for development as the pace of the tourist trade quickens, but preserving intact today their native Mexican magic.

Below: Boats loading firewood on Lake Chapala near Guadalajara in Central Mexico. **Bottom:** Old Indian woman in Guanajuato. **Bottom left:** The great Cathedral in Mexico City, the largest in America

MEXICO



OFF-SEASON TRAVEL

by Sebastian Cash

Everything about Brazil is larger than life. The scenery is on a monumental scale, skyscrapers tower high in the bright sunlight, cities sprout and grow with a speed that equals nature in the dense Amazon jungles.

The gigantic Iguassu Falls at Parana outstrip Niagara; Sao Paulo, with its impressive façade of glass and concrete, is the fastest growing of any Western city; the world's biggest water lilies are 7-ft. in diameter as they grow near the ubiquitous Amazon.

Yet the initial impression of Brazil, as you enter through Rio de Janeiro, is not of size but of the extreme vitality and colourful enthusiasm that temper life at all levels. You can spot it on the famous Copacabana Beach, where water sports and sun bathing are the main attractions, and in the night clubs where it bubbles spontaneously to the surface in exuberant, off-beat sambas.

Rio de Janeiro is a showpiece in a country that emphasizes the extravagant. A five-mile promenade stretches along the front and on the city's outer rim rise the probing peaks of the Sugar Loaf Mountain and the Corcovado Mountain with its curious hunched back.

Here you can wander among the museums and marvel at the assorted medley of architecture of old colonial and ultra-modern, or speed through the sophisticated shopping centre on small private buses—which you hail like taxis—that seem about to fall apart.

Essential to any first Brazilian visit is a trip to the new capital of Brasilia sprawling impressively through reclaimed jungle; an architectural masterpiece of line, form and space built—naturally—on the shores of an artificial lake.

Important, too, is Sao Paulo; modern and industrial but also adorned with an art museum of international standing and modern sculpture of weird and fascinating shapes in parks and along broad highways.

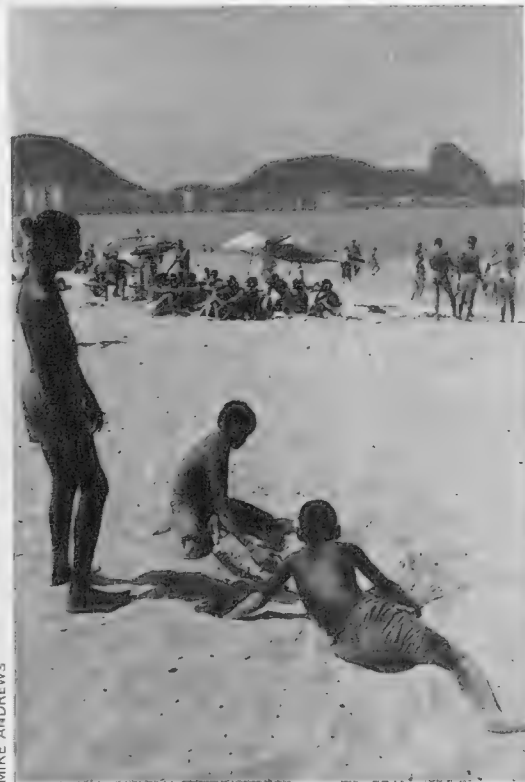
North along the Atlantic coast lies Recife, dubbed the "Venice of America" in that curiously stereotyped method brochure writers use to describe comparable travel scenes; while farther north still Belem, looking as though it has been removed straight from a Hollywood adventure film set, lies waiting at the mouth of the Amazon.

The Amazon itself is still a source of mystery to both visitor and resident; 1,000 miles upstream in the heart of the jungle, for example, is Manaus, a sure success for those looking for something really different. At the turn of the century it was the centre of the rubber boom; surprisingly it still has an ornate opera house as a relic of its past prosperity. You can take river trips, fish for tucunare, one of the great game fish, and buy an alligator hide or jaguar skin.

Brazil is an exciting country to visit. In the main centres you have first-class hotels with all modern amenities, many surpassing European standards. In lesser known areas, where the long arm of tourism still has to penetrate, the individuality and eccentricity of a non-commercialized world exists without air-conditioning and iced water. Until the age of air travel, the greater part of this huge and varied country was inaccessible and its incredible potential unknown.

The most fascinating part of any visit is that even in a sophisticated Rio de Janeiro nightclub, you are always conscious of the vast tangle of jungle beyond with its haunting mysteries the perpetual sun never penetrates.

BRAZIL



MIKE ANDREWS



PHOTOGRAPHS: J. ALLAN CASH

Above: The Municipal Theatre, Praca Ramos de Azevedo, Rio de Janeiro. Top left: Modern architecture in Brasilia, the new capital of Brazil. Top right: Rio's Copacabana beach with the Sugar Loaf Mountain in the background

WHO CHOOSES CRUISES?

Off-Season Travel by Sylvie Nickles

How much trouble, I wonder, do people take when choosing a cruise to find out to what extent a ship suits their particular tastes? Ships vary almost as much as hotels; if one wants a quiet little pension, one does not book into the Hilton.

Some people want large cabins; others argue a cabin is only for sleeping and that the space should go to public rooms or be left out on deck. Those who want it both ways should remember there is no such thing as an elastic-sided ship.

Passenger ships used for cruising range from under 3,000 to over 80,000 tons. The larger the ship, by the laws of logic, the more deck space and public rooms there are and, on the whole, the more varied is the entertainments programme. Small ships are more intimate, and I have potted round the Mediterranean on Bergen Line's *Meteor*, whose 2,856 tons enable her to anchor alongside most quays and to nip through such narrow waterways as

the Corinth Canal. Her larger and stabilized sister, the *Venus* (6,269 tons) offers a 15-day Christmas and New Year Cruise this season to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Tenerife and Madeira, timed to visit the latter for New Year celebrations.

The Three Sisters

Ships of the same company can also vary tremendously, as I found on recent travels with Union-Castle, though courteous service and good food were features happily shared. Differences lay in amenities and decor. There was something rather grand but nostalgic about the solid comforts of the *Stirling Castle*, a 29-year-old veteran about to come off the mail service to Cape Town. Her youthful sisters, the 6-year-old *Pendennis Castle* (28,582 tons) and the 5-year-old *Windsor Castle* (37,640) manage to combine modernity and grace, and personally I like such refinements as unlimited fresh water for my bath. Some people prefer sea

water, but this is a matter for individual choice. The *Windsor* also has the advantage of a cinema separate from the main lounge.

Most of the *Castles*, of course, are not cruise ships in the true sense since they operate a scheduled service (I have mentioned the now accelerated mail service to Cape Town on page 373), but like other long distance passenger liners they offer most of the qualities of a cruise, from deck game competitions to an entertainments programme. In addition the company are offering another series of cruises proper in the *Reina del Mar* (21,501 tons) next year, and two winter cruises with the *Capetown Castle* (27,002 tons). One is an 11-day Christmas cruise calling at Lisbon, Madeira, Tangier; the other, a 14-day New Year Cruise, calls at Las Palmas, Tenerife, Madeira, Tangier and Lisbon. Both begin and end at Southampton.

Points of departure

Where cruises begin and end may be significant for some people. For winter cruising particularly, if you are a bad sailor, there are obvious advantages in joining a ship at some Mediterranean port. But it is considerably less bother to unpack once and for all in Southampton or Liverpool or London and, as a candidate for the



The *Pendennis Castle* docks at Cape Town

world's worst sailor, I have discovered with pleasure that you really do get your sea legs quickly.

Younger readers, who may have shared my former fears that average ages on board a cruise ship may not be conducive to the gayest of times, will probably be glad to note that on Holland-America's *Statendam* New Year Cruise last year, a third of the passengers were under 40. And I hope no one considers that creaking senility! For cruising purposes, the *Statendam* (24,294 tons) becomes a one class ship, and, generally speaking, the average age becomes progressively younger from first class through one class to tourist class. This year, the *Statendam's* 15-day New Year Cruise takes her to Madeira, Tenerife, Las Palmas, the Cape Verde Islands and Lisbon.

Cunard Line, P. & O., Greek Line, Royal Mail and many others are offering one or more winter cruises and to give complete details would fill an entire issue. A list of some cruise operators is given at the end of this article; the most comprehensive source for all types of cruising and sea travel all through the year is the annual *Holidays on Ships*, price 3s. 6d., published by Travel Trade Gazette Ltd., Gazette Building, The Bayle, Folkestone, Kent. The 1966 edition should be ready in October.

Any more for the skylark?

Of recent years, cruising has not been limited to the sea alone. Here are two examples of a number of air cruises available this winter.

The first follows a splendid sounding itinerary beginning 12 February, from London to New York (1 night), Mexico City (7 nights), Merida (3 nights), New Orleans (1 night), Bermuda (2 nights), returning to London on the 15th night. The same aircraft, a DC-7C, is used throughout and the cost of £270 also covers first class accommodation with private bath or shower, and a full programme of excursions. It is one of several by Wings Ltd., 124 Finchley Road, London, N.W.3.

Nearer home is an air cruise with weekly departures from London to Malaga (2 nights in Torremolinos), Marrakesh (2 nights), Las Palmas (7 nights) and Lisbon (2 nights). The cost is 95-99 gns. (105 gns. for Christmas and New Year departures) including first class hotels with private bath or shower, and the air cruise is one of several arranged by Lord Brothers, 54/62 Regent Street, London, W.1.

It is worth remembering, too, that independent travellers can work out their own private air cruise on scheduled services by taking advan-

tage of transit stops for longer stays. Long distance flights of the major airlines call at a series of fascinating places, and the through ticket costs the same whether the journey is broken or not.

The cruise operators

Bergen Line, Norway House, 21/24 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; British India Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., One Aldgate, London, E.C.3; Chandris Lines, 30 Haymarket, London, S.W.1; Cunard Steam-Ship Co. Ltd., 15 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1; French Line, 20 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Greek Line, 2 Duke Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1; Holland-America Line, 120 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1; Fred Olsen Lines, 33/34 Bury Street, London, E.C.3; P. & O. Orient Lines, 26 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Royal Mail Lines, America House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Typaldos Lines, Astoria House, 62 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.1; Union-Castle Line, 19/21 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

Agents also specializing in cargo ship travel include: Informal Travels Ltd., 56 Queensway, London, W.2; Pitt & Scott Ltd., 1-3 St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.4; Bowerman Shipping Ltd., Condor House, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.4.



The *Windsor Castle* arrives in Durban

PARIS

Fashion by Unity Barnes.

Photographs by Kublin

ALL MODELS EXCLUSIVE: REPRODUCTION FORBIDDEN



The Paris couturiers rose to the challenge of the moment and quietly re-affirmed their influence on the fashion scene. From a wealth of individual differences, a crop of likenesses emerged. Skirts continue to show an upward trend; coats and suits incline to narrowness, with unexaggerated shoulders; dresses are soft, slender; sleeves, if they are there at all, are long and tight. Black is back, and so are strapless evening dresses. Feathers flutter everywhere; heads are hooded and turbanned; patterned stockings get a big showing. Every collection has something in camel, in cloqué, in white jersey. Hairstyles are all by René, make-up by Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Above: **At Pierre Cardin** skirts were two inches above the knee; brilliant colours ran riot; dresses were straight little shifts, often polo necked; circular collars rose high or spread out large and flat; and his skill in bias-cutting reached a new pitch of perfection. Above, a candy pink velour coat with a big, important collar buttoned at the back. Outsize flat berets, tipped forward to eyebrow level, were sometimes round (as here, in purple moufflon), sometimes square as cushions. Unseen here are the dark stockings he showed with all his pale clothes

Opposite page: **At Christian Dior** Marc Bohan's collection had *haute couture* stamped on every sophisticated inch of it. His colour preference was for black and more black, with granite greys and beige next on the list. Suits had long, slim jackets, slightly basqued, often belted, above knee-length skirts; coats were narrow, raglan sleeved, over close-fitting dresses; fabrics for day were pebbly tweeds and hopsacks, checks and basket-weaves, and crisp gabardines. The suit, right, in Lesur's grey and black checker-board wool, sums up his daytime look, topped by his swaggering "Franz Hals" hat in black felt





Above left: **At Cardin** the prevailing influence is still delicately Oriental, but his new, close-fitting hoods-into-capes were inspired by the traditional painted wooden dolls from Russia. *Above*, in camel and wool, this one tops a sleeveless dress with a bias-cut bodice; other versions run down to hem level.

Top left: **At Jean Patou** Michel Goma scored another success with a young, cheerful collection; his swinging skirts with deep panel pleats, wide belts on coats and suits, trench-coat yokes on suits and dresses (as well as on trenchcoats) and bow-tied kerchief hats are all potential trendsetters. Here, a two-piece dress in camelhair has yoked shoulders sloping up into a high turtle neck; his wide belts are echoed in a buttoned front band. The kerchief hat is in camel felt.

Top right: **At Nina Ricci** Gerard Pipart likes a many-layered look for day, with big coats covering high-collared suits over turtle-necked blouses. He showed camel, bronze, yellow, brown for day; gold and lilac for evening; white all the way

through. Hats were close, backdrawn caps and little kerchief shapes, in fur, felt and velvet. The camel suit (*above*) has a typically long, bulky jacket, a white roll-collared overblouse, camel kerchief-hat.

Bottom right: **At Jean Patou** camelhair again, in a suit with a long, narrow cardigan jacket over a polo-necked blouse in brown and white checked tweed; a dark mink hood; dark brown ribbed wool stockings.

Opposite page: **At Castillo** a much-acclaimed and individual collection stressed unexaggerated suits with skirts set on curving hip yokes or attached to contrasting tops; much beige, camel and ginger for day; side-tilted hats and nonchalant silk cravats. *Right*, his camel gabardine suit has small lapels, a sleeveless white gabardine top joined to the skirt and ringed at the waist with black patent; a black silk scarf held by a big jet pin; a black velour trilby hat.





Above: At **Philippe Venet** the smoothly sculptured coats in cool beige and putty colours remain, alternating this season with heady African colours, used both for coats and for the crepe, cloqué and brocade dresses shown with them. *Left:* a navy wool coat in a double-faced fabric reversing to saffron yellow, goes over a white wool jersey dress; the military helmet is in shiny white leather. *Right:* a classically perfect white fleecy wool coat goes over a brown and white striped suit; the close-fitting turban is in brown suede

Opposite page: At **Jeanne Lanvin** Jules François Crahay showed much tweed for day, much yellow, brown and fur colours. There were suits with short, belted jackets, and tunic-length coats over straight skirts. At night he showed lamé, cloqué, satin; evening dresses were high-waisted, strapless, worn with handsome, many-stranded necklaces. Here, the most covetable coat in the collection: a side-fastened redingote in pale smoky grey with a little chinchilla ring collar held by a bow-knot; the close-fitting cloche is in palest grey felt





Above: At **Dior** long, diagonal seams shaped dresses and suits; tunic dresses moved easily in crepe and jersey; lacquer reds and pinks flickered among the darker colours; heads were hooded enchantingly in every kind of fur and feathers. *Above*, a tunic dress in beige silk gabardine with long, tight sleeves, big beige beads massed at the neck, a deep turban in ranch mink.

Opposite page: At **Pierre Balmain** hemlines showed less change, fur was used importantly for linings, collars, cuffs; black, grey and brown were starred for day, white and gold at night. His most compelling coat (*right*), of flame gabardine, collared and cuffed in mink, was worn over a long white wool crepe dress, the skirt slashed to knee-level.





Above: **Cardin's** meltingly beautiful dress in white crepe de chine is bias-cut, with long kimono sleeves, a single black peony pinned lightly on the shoulder.

Opposite page: **Dior's** late-day dresses were slim, draped, bias-cut to fall into a deep cowl at the back: a line that appeared in chiffons, crepes and (left) for full, formal evenings in silver brocade with heavy inch-wide beaded embroidery outlining the cowl and hem

Castillo's evening dresses shone richly in satin, lamé, heavy brocades and cloqués, the influence proudly Spanish, with high Infanta topknots of stiffly looped satin ribbon. *Right:* an incredibly light, gold and silver-patterned silk gauze is streamlined into a dress with long, tight sleeves. The necklaces (used effectively throughout) are heavy collars and chokers of rhinestone and pearls; shoes, in the dress fabric, by Mancini



on plays

Pat Wallace / A new lease of life

Many years ago a very successful playwright called Ben Travers wrote a play called *Thark* which was an instantaneous hit. The other day—28 years later—it was revived at the Garrick and Mr. Travers was there to laugh at his own jokes with the rest of the audience and to usher it on to what will probably be another long run. It is not a good play, as I believe even he would agree, but since it is doing what is known as good business there is less point in slamming it than in examining the reasons for its being a success.

The first two acts are about a skittish baronet and his amatory escapades and the third about a haunted country house called *Thark*. There is only the most tenuous connection between the two adventures but since the audience for a farce is demanding only in the matter of being given something to laugh at, that doesn't really matter nearly as much as it would if this were a more thoughtful offering. Once that premise is accepted it simply becomes a matter of deciding whether there is enough to laugh at. The answer is that there is plenty, both in comic situations and comic lines, always remembering that this is not a question of high comedy but of good old farce.

Originally the play was written for two of the best comedians of the day: Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn, the first of whom played the lusty baronet and the second his slightly gormless nephew. Their physical characteristics and the manner of their playing were obviously inspira-

tions to the playwright, who tailored his work to their requirements and made a very fine thing of it. Now the parts are respectively played by Mr. Peter Cushing and Mr. Alec McCowen and the risk has clearly been to see how well these two very different actors could follow in the famous tracks. The answer—quite surprisingly—is that they do admirably. Mr. Cushing has broadened his generally elegant style and Mr. McCowen (who was the best Fool in *King Lear* that I have ever seen) leaves his classic interpretations to become an amiably vacant youth with a firm grip on the wrong end of the stick.

Sir Hector is first found in his Mayfair flat where, in his wife's absence, he has asked a pretty shopgirl to dinner only to be landed with the boisterous Cockney lady who has rented *Thark* from him and comes to complain about the ghosts and other inconveniences. She is accompanied by her ass of a son and the scene is further enlivened by the arrival of Sir Hector's nephew and Sir Hector's not unnaturally disapproving wife. At this point the stage becomes something of a roundabout with all these characters shooting in and out of doors, a hard-pressed butler and parlourmaid complicating affairs, and misunderstandings blossoming like flowers in June. The whirlwind of action lasts quite satisfactorily through two acts and then the audience is faced with *Thark's* baronial hall, a different butler called Death and a series of visitations of particularly solid spectres.

From the hall we are trans-

ported to a haunted bedroom in which, for reasons obscure to everyone but the playwright, the baronet and his nephew are obliged to occupy an impressive baronial bed together. One can understand why the situation appealed to the playwright when writing for the Walls-Lynn combination as there are endless opportunities for tangled bedclothes, sudden alarms at leaded casements and the rest, and it is a triumph for the Cushing-McCowen team that they measure up so well in

their turn. The climax is when the redoubtable tenant, played with marvellous comic effect by Miss Kathleen Harrison, appears in the doorway as the most alarming of all the phantoms, face smeared with phosphorescent grease and hair rigid with white plastic curlers.

Altogether this is a lark rather than a play and it must have been encouraging to Mr. Travers to hear it greeted by the laughter of another generation of playgoers as well as of their seniors.

on films

Elsbeth Grant / The richest woman in the world

The gloomy premise put forward by the Swiss dramatist, Friedrich Dürrenmatt, in his play, *The Visit* (A) and heavily handedly endorsed by Bernhard Wicki, the German director of the screen version, is that you can buy anything—even a man's life—if you've money enough. Mr. Dürrenmatt seems to me to disprove his own point by demonstrating that you can't buy peace of mind or happiness.

His heroine (anti-heroine, rather), Karla Zachanassian, is reputed to be the richest woman in the world, but what a miserable creature she really is—seething with hatred and relentlessly bent on rendering evil for evil. Ingrid Bergman plays her (splendidly, I thought) as a cold, hard, arrogant woman, her beauty marred by a baleful expression and the lines of discontent etched about her mouth and eyes.

Mme. Z. returns in grandeur to her impoverished native town of Guellen—she travels with a Rolls-Royce, a retinue of servants, two bodyguards, a lawyer (Claude Dauphin) and a pet leopard—and is enthusiastically received by its citizens, who naïvely imagine she has long forgotten the humiliation they once inflicted on her and that she has come to help them out of the economic depression into which the town has fallen.

The lady, they soon learn, is not the forgiving kind. She could give the people work by investing in the local mines and factories (all of which, incidentally, she has bought up and closed down in her determination to gain the whip hand) but she intends to give them money—at the price of their self-respect.

She offers the townsfolk two million dollars, on one condition: that they will execute the owner of the local general

store, Anthony Quinn, for the injustice he did her when she was 17. He was her only lover then and, finding herself pregnant, she expected him to marry her—instead of which (as he was after a wealthy wife) he bribed two men to swear that they, too, had slept with her and on their evidence she was denounced as a whore and run out of town.

You'd think (at least I cynically did) she would be grateful to Mr. Quinn for thus (inadvertently) putting her on the road that led to her becoming the world's richest woman—had she remained in shabby little Guellen she'd have been at best, an ordinary humdrum housewife. But no, she's after his blood: and as the townsfolk are after her dough, it looks as if, despite a law against capital punishment, she will get it.

Mr. Wicki builds up (albeit a trifle laboriously, I felt) a horrid atmosphere of menace in the town as its people tell one another grimly that if Mr. Quinn is not prepared, as he should be, to sacrifice himself for the good of the community, something will have to be done about him. Mr. Quinn's mounting terror is understandable (and wonderfully convincing): shots are fired at him in the dark, his one frantic attempt to escape from Guellen is frustrated by "friends" who follow him to the station "to see him off" and prevent him from boarding the train—but the most blood-curdling moment comes when everybody (including Mr. Quinn's wife, Valentina Cortese) starts merrily buying on credit goods they've never been able to afford.

This can only mean that they are sure of their blood money and that Mme. Z. is sure of victory. And why not, since the Mayor (Ernst Schroeder) and the Police Chief (Hans-Christian Blech) can, in a trice, amend



Dana Valery, Sandie Shaw and Marianne Faithfull with interviewers Shaw Taylor and Terence Carroll. They feature in Southern TV's show *Ladybirds*, an attempt to discover the private individual behind the public image of a girl pop singer

the law and re-introduce capital punishment for any offence they care to name—such as Mr. Quinn's? Mr. Quinn is duly arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to death—and not a single voice is raised in protest.

Of course, we don't think we'd have been as easily corrupted as the people of Guellen (just as we're sure we would not have collaborated with the Germans, had they occupied our country) — and, quite frankly, I don't think *they'd* have been, either, if Mr. Dürrenmatt had not rigged the cards against them to suit his own book. If you ask me, the rottenest character in the piece is Mme. Z., who can't make a half-way magnanimous gesture except for the most diabolical of reasons—and she's scarcely a typical specimen of our kind: after all, there can only be *one* richest woman in the world.

If you were asked to choose six symbols of the British way of life, to be preserved for whatever posterity will exist after The Bomb has fallen, would you choose the Silver Lady emblem from a Rolls-Royce, a Lady Frances MacDonagh rose, an electric hare

from a dog track, a flight of plaster ducks, a lock of hair from a pop-singer, and the Lutine Bell from Lloyd's of London?

Personally, I wouldn't—but it's great fun to see them sought after in **You Must Be Joking!** (U) as an "Initiative Test" cooked up by a slightly dotty Army psychiatrist (lunatically beaming Terry-Thomas) in an effort to find "the Complete, Quick-thinking Soldier of Today". Five contestants take part in the 48-hour trial of wits: I liked best Lionel Jeffries, as a kilted Scots regimental sergeant major, who plays the game as straight as he can—but there's a lot to be said for Michael Callan, a ruseful American, Denholm Elliott as a spoilt aristocrat with girl-friends and a hotel staff at his beck and call, Lee Montague as a wide staff sergeant to whom the illegal use of Army requisition slips is second nature, and dear Bernard Cribbins as a dim but dogged member of the Royal Engineers.

Michael Winner, the young British director, has not yet found a firm style of his own but one can't help admiring his exuberance and pace. I laughed a lot.

on books

Oliver Warner / Blandings revisited

"Of the two young men sharing a cell in one of New York's popular police stations Tipton Plimsoll, the tall thin one, was the first to recover, if only gradually, from the effect of the potatoes which had led to his sojourn in the coop. The other, Wilfred Allsop, pint-size and fragile and rather like the poet Shelley in appearance, was still asleep." You recognize the note? The reference to Shelley rather gives it away, and of course it is P. G. Wodehouse. His latest is out: **Galahad at Blandings** (Herbert Jenkins 16s.) and the publishers say it is one of the sunniest and funniest for years. My own view is that the Master has shown no falling off in his last few works, and this re-visitation of Blandings Castle, the Ninth Earl *in situ*, together with the celebrated pig Empress, Beach the Butler and all the rest of what Wodehouse calls the fixings, is exactly what you'll look for and like if you like Wodehouse. I still do.

As if a new Wodehouse were not enough fun for one week, there is also a Stephen Potter: **Anti-Woo** (Heinemann 15s.) complete with the expected drawings by Lt.-Col. Frank Wilson. If I quote the sub-title, you'll have the works. This is: "The Lifeman's Improved Primer for non-lovers, with special chapters on who not to love, falling out of love, avoidance gambits, and Coad-Sanderson's Scale of Progressive Rifts." I thought the *Lifeman* series, dazzling at the start, became overworked, and I find Potter funny only in snatches, not, as in Wodehouse's case, from swallowing the whole ridiculous plot at one long gulp. Coad-Sanderson is a splendid man, and Lt.-Col. Wilson's idea of him striding past a "slightly pornographic poster" should raise many a chuckle.

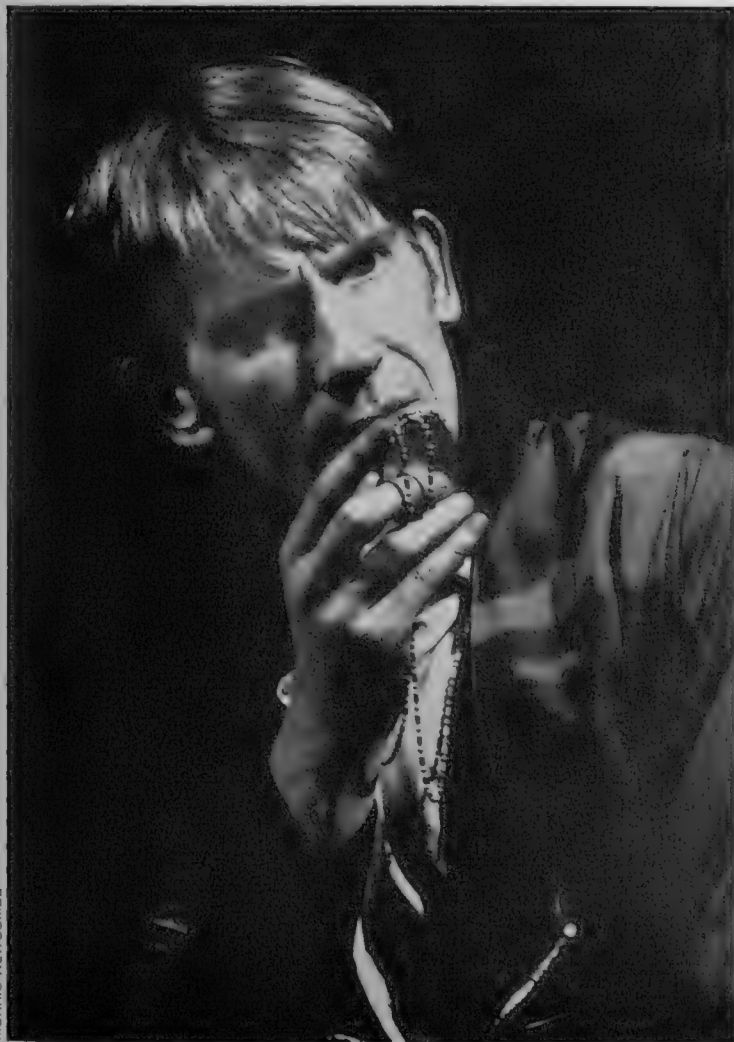
Does it seem too big a strain to jump from the entirely frivolous to the £.s.d. of the nation that, ever since I can remember, seems to have been in a ramshackle state, yet always comes up smiling, if groggy? Peter Donaldson, in **Guide to the British Economy** (Pelican Original 4s. 6d.) goes into the matter pretty thoroughly, taking the layman through the Stock Exchange, International Banking, Industry, Agriculture, Retailing and the Labour Market without making too heavy weather of it all. He even has a bright

word to say about the effect of *Which?*—and as he says: "On the whole, we get the prices and products we deserve; if we don't bother, then we shouldn't grumble."

Catherine, by Juliette Benzoni, translated from the French by Jocasta Goodwin (Heinemann 30s.) is one of those long and sexy historical novels designed to sell, and highly likely to do so. Scene and background are medieval, the Hundred Years War, Dunois, Joan of Arc and all that, so it is an outsize cheat to show the heroine on the jacket as if she might have stepped out of this week's issue of this journal. It is extremely, wildly improbable pastboard history, and for anyone prepared to suspend disbelief it should meet the case exactly.

"The Egyptians are a docile and humorous people," I read in Peter Mansfield's book of **Nasser's Egypt** (Penguin 4s. 6d.). It is quite true, but there's a whole lot more to it than that, and anyone with experience of an Egyptian crowd worked up will not willingly involve himself again. The author is Middle East correspondent for the *Sunday Times* and what I find most interesting and valuable in his survey is his analysis of the character and effect of Nasser himself. The story of modern Egypt has not been a happy one, and this has emphatically not been the fault of the patient *felaheen* who work so hard for (hitherto) so little. Can Nasser bring Egypt from backward-news to the status of a developed nation? There seems a chance at least.

Briefly . . . Have you a teenager about to launch out into the world of earners? There are books by the score to guide parents and teachers, and a new and up to the minute one is **Opportunities After O-Level**, edited by Kenneth Newton and Sonia Abrams for the Advisory Centre for Education (Pelican Original 7s. 6d.). Pure, unsullied information, well indexed . . . **Dancing Attendance** by Constance Tomkinson (Michael Joseph 25s.) is for the ballet fans. The author was part of a team that toured countries now behind the Iron Curtain just before that curtain descended. She was with the Sadler's Wells Ballet, since re-christened the Royal Ballet, and though I enjoyed her character sketches I was sorry to find no pictures.



David Warner as Hamlet in the Peter Hall production at Stratford-on-Avon. This version, presenting the hero as a disturbed undergraduate, with princely moments, seems likely to become a collector's item among connoisseurs of the Shakespearean stage

on records

Gerald Lascelles / How far is way out?

Listening to more modern than old-fashioned jazz today, as I would expect to do, I am often left wondering just how far the whole concept of jazz can be pushed before logic goes out of the door. The long-suffering record buyer must often read the sleeve notes diligently before he or she can have the remotest idea of what is going on, and the time seems not to be far off when the *avant garde* faction will turn their backs on their audiences to such an extent that jazz will become a sort of weird indulgence for performing musicians only, to the exclusion of the public.

To disprove my preamble, Thelonious Monk's quartet plays **Way Out** (Fontana) without great deviation, though the cohesion of the pianist and his tenor player, Johnny

Griffin, is not as good as on many other sessions I have heard. A far better quartet session by Thelonious is **Nica's Tempo** (CBS), featuring four tracks of exquisite beauty, supported by Gigi Gryce on alto, Percy Heath on bass, and Art Blakey on drums. The rest of this album is devoted to an all star group led by Gryce, who is a staunch disciple of Charlie Parker.

Art Blakey, a drummer who is inclined to take charge of the proceedings and to overwhelm the rest of the musicians on any session, contributes **Soul** (Fontana), a well balanced album of modern jazz standards, with Benny Golson and Lee Morgan in support. This is the old Jazz Messengers group, recorded in Paris about five years ago. Golson's tenor work

never ceases to please me, and it is sad that we do not hear more of him today. The music is contained within a relatively conservative bracket, and is always tasteful.

Point of Departure (Blue Note) brings back pianist Andrew Hill with some extremely advanced music, that has more than a passing flavour of Monk in its conception. The soloists, notably the late Eric Dolphy blowing alto, get as far out as anything I know except Coltrane and Coleman, but there is a certain elusive logic about the performances that draws me to this music, rather like some people are drawn to a ringing telephone! Hill's piano work is incisive and brilliant, and he must have a great future before him.

There is jazz of a more soothing order in Sarah Vaughan's **Featuring Clifford Brown** (Mercury), a 1954 re-issue that not only catches her in very good voice, but also allows trumpeter Clifford Brown and

tenorman Paul Quinichette to expand their ideas. Brown, who died two years after this record was made, had a particular way of picking out any theme so that what he played remained with the listener as the final statement. He was a legend almost before he died.

Wes Montgomery has a big band to support him in **Movin' Wes** (Verve), but the accent is on his fluent solo guitar, that rides sedately over the rest of the sound. His technical mastery is no virtuoso act, and it is pleasant to note that he is a self-taught musician, who combines the warmth and emotion of an earthy soloist with his own personal approach to jazz. To some extent the same applies to Ray Charles' **Live In Concert** (HMV), but he has become something of an enigmatic artist, seeking too hard the favour of his audiences at the expense of good taste and everything else. The best that can be said for an exhibition of this sort is that it sounds spontaneous.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Belated book review

"All on this shelf 6d." said the notice irresistibly. I stopped the car, bang on a double yellow line and under a "No Waiting" sign, jumped out and cast a quick, searching eye over all the titles. And there, as if waiting for me, was this one that read *Pictures in the Tate Gallery*. I tucked the book under my arm and handed the old man behind the stall a sixpence. He grabbed the book back, opened the cover and said, "That one's three and sixpence." There was no time to argue. I paid up and dived into the car just as the policeman came round the corner.

Hours later, when I flicked through the book to see what I had bought, there was a moment in which I thought the book must be about a different Tate Gallery from the pseudo-Classical barn on the site of the old Millbank Prison that I thought I knew so well. The first plate that caught my eye was of *Returning to the Fold* by H. W. B. Davis R.A. Said the text: "It is a rural study of a shepherd and his flock . . . The sheep are real sheep, true to Nature, and the same may be said of the dogs." Funny, the dogs looked just like real dogs to me.

I turned more pages and came upon *Wind on the Wold* by G. H. Mason—"No phrasing of cold

words can describe the idyllic poetry of this small picture." Next, *The Herd of Suine* by Briton Rivière—"No other artist is as comprehensively represented at the Tate." And then, more familiar, Lord Leighton's *Bath of Psyche*—"As an arrangement of harmonious lines it has exquisite beauty"; G. F. Watts's *Love and Life*—"Watts realized the beauty of Life and Love and Death; he was equally conscious of the ugliness of sin"; and—what's this?—*Catspaus off the Land* by Henry Moore.

"It would be superfluous to give in detail the history of Henry Moore's parentage," I read and, since the author was writing in 1905 about the marine painter Henry Moore R.A., who would be 134 if he were still alive, I did not feel inclined to argue the point. However, it is worth noting that in recent years there has been some considerable revival of interest in the works of Henry Moore R.A. and many of the other skilful painters who were among the big names at the Tate 60 years ago but whose pictures now languish in the air-conditioned vaults there. And though I cannot help smiling every time I open *Pictures in the Tate Gallery*, its author, Mr. G. Gasquoine Hartley, was not the chump that we, with hindsight, may

think. He had some perspicacious remarks to make about the attitude of the government of his day to art, about the Chantrey Bequest, about the building and the architecture of the Tate Gallery, and about several allied subjects, all of which have a curiously topical ring about them today. The situation that angered him has changed, at best, only in degree. The monstrously inefficient architecture of the Tate is the same today as when Mr. Gasquoine Hartley wrote, with gentlemanly reluctance to call a bastard a bastard: "It is not possible to praise the motive which inspired its mixed style of decoration." Our government no more believes in the necessity of art than did those governments that made him write of Sir Francis Chantrey's "delightful optimism" in "confidently expecting" that the country

would provide a "proper building" to house his Bequest.

On the same day that I bought *Pictures in the Tate Gallery*, the editor of *Discovering Art* sent me a voucher copy of No. 8 of his publication, which contains an 8-page section on *The Battle for the Arts*. "The time has now come for a revision of our standards of public patronage of the arts," it begins. "With the more even distribution of wealth, private patrons are becoming rarer, and the responsibility of patronage now falls on the national and local governments." Then followed statements by Arnold Wesker, Sir William Emrys Williams, Sir Robert Mayer and others on this theme. Stirring stuff that gives hope that soon Britain may not trail behind Bulgaria in official patronage of the arts.

Mr. G. Gasquoine Hartley, thou should'st be living at this hour!



Janet Gahan as Salome, Robert Eddison as the Dean, and Christina Greatrex as Sheba in the Pinero farce *Dandy Dick* at the Mermaid

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A CASE FOR BEAUTY

GOOD LOOKS by Evelyn Forbes

When you are often on the move, one of the best ways of insuring that an important item of make-up or face care is not forgotten is to keep all your beauty necessities in one case. The ownership of a beauty bag or case, moreover, means that even if the rest of the luggage is delayed or temporarily lost, you can still put a good face on it. Delays in transit lose some of their horror when you have everything at hand to make you look and feel fresh.

Beauty cases are legion but here we show you the pick of the market.



A beauty case from **Helena Rubinstein** is made in simulated crocodile, lined pale blue moiré. It can also be bought in simulated ivory patent, lined red moiré. It contains Deep Cleanser, Beauty Overnight Cream, Silk Minute Make-up Compact and Golden Lipstick. It costs £7 19s. 6d.



The **Lenthéric** beauty case is the size of a shoe box but it is so well planned that it holds all one's beauty needs. In brown simulated leather, lined pink moiré, it contains miniature bottles of Cleansing Milk and Skin Tonic and standard sizes of Skin Moist, Marisse Foundation, Eyebrow Pencil and Mascara and lipstick refill. It costs £6 14s. 6d.



The **Cyclax** beauty case is in white luxenhide, lined mauve silk. It contains Face Powder, Glamotint, Flower Balm, Extra Cleansing Cream and Special "O" Skin Food. The price is £9 9s.



This **Max Factor** beauty case is designed with a handle to slip over the arm, thus leaving the hands free to cope with passport and tickets. The ivory case, with its pale blue lining, fastens with a zip around three sides and is gusseted to prevent the lid from flopping when opened. The centre is divided with a waterproof lined zip pocket and there is room for overnight necessities. Filled with selected Max Factor cosmetics it costs £5 8s. 6d. or unfitted, £3 17s.



Elizabeth Arden's cloth covered beauty bag is very good looking and could double as a handbag. It can be bought in navy with red trim or brown with black trim. It is fitted with Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Velva Cream, Milky Liquid Cleanser, Velva Moisture Film, and costs £11 11s.



Yardley's beauty bag is of white luxenhide, lined red moiré, and is roomy enough to take nightgown, slippers and washing things. It is fitted with Feather Finish Compact, Moisture Tint Foundation, Improved Skin Food, Liquefying Cleansing Cream, Complexion Milk and Skin Freshener, and costs £8 16s. Whichever case you choose, here are three items to take with you when travelling.

Eylure Face-Savers are tissues made of the finest linen. They instantly blot away dust and grease without disturbing the make-up. An enormous boon when travelling. A handy pack costs 4s.

Christian Dior's Model Voyage. This quarter-ounce size of perfume comes in an attractive glass container with a very practical screw top for safe travelling. In Miss Dior and Diorissimo it costs £3 10s. and in Diorama, £3 15s.

The hand and nail trio from Wassen-Europ Ltd. To the already successful nail hardener, Diamond Voss Nail Strengthener, is added **Moonvoss**, a gentle but efficient cuticle remover, and **Handenvoss**, a hand preparation which incorporates a water barrier and a mild disinfectant. They cost 18s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 15s. 6d. respectively.

Jason Cassels / The image of leisure

MAN'S WORLD

Fine feathers do not make fine birds, says the old saw. This is probably true, but it overlooks a vital point: the effect of the feathers on the bird's morale. This is a piece of intelligence that women have always known but men have become fully aware of only intermittently. Happily, we are living in an era of enlightenment. Men have begun to realize that a change of clothes really can be a tonic, and menswear manufacturers and shops have not been slow to recognize this new awareness—in fact they fostered it.

For the winter sunseeker there is wide variety. Take light-weight suits. At least one of these (preferably more, since they look best if not worn on consecutive days) is essential for a hot climate holiday. Moss Bros. carry probably the widest range in the country, and have them the year round.

Lightweights have lost that too-casual look that frightened many a self-conscious Englishman away. Now they come in every conceivable pattern. An excellent buy in Moss Bros.' range is a suit in a twist mohair Tonik cloth by Dor-

meuil which sells for £42 10s. Like most mohairs it will double nicely for day wear or semi-formal evening wear.

A dinner suit is another "must" if you are going to get the most from your holiday, especially if you are cruising. As a first-class passenger you will feel happier if you have one for dining; and in the tourist class one is needed for galas. If you think paying £22 10s. for a washable white Dacron and cotton jacket for a "once in a lifetime" cruise is not sound economics, Moss Bros. will hire one for a fortnight for 5 guineas. The white jacket can, of course, be worn with the trousers of your dinner suit, the jacket of which you might feel inclined to take along—provided it is a lightweight—for variety.

The bulk of one's clothes will obviously be even more casual in mood than those I've mentioned. A pair of lightweight cotton slacks is vital and these days they have the beauty of coming in crease-resistant fabrics. Simpson's have them with bell bottoms in white and in a "denim" look cotton selling at £3 10s. Incidentally,

you can give them a real fashion lift with some of the marvelous belts there are around. They come in Madras cotton, regimental stripes, plaited leather and even rope, selling at prices from 22s. 6d. to 45s.

This summer there have been lots of wonderful casual jackets in beautifully striped Madras cotton for about £8 to £10. If you can't find one so late in the season, take a look at Aquascutum's splendid heavily-slubbed raw silk jacket in natural or navy. It has three buttons and a centre vent and the cloth weighs 8 ounces. It costs 24 guineas and would look equally well for day or evening wear.

For chilly evenings Simpson's have some very close fitting ribbed Banlon sweaters with long sleeves and turtle necks, in white, black or dark blue, and in Moss Bros' ski department, of all places, one can find light cotton roll-necked shirts in dark and light blue, red and white, selling at 32s. 6d.

In swimwear the trend is to low cut, square-legged close-fitting shorts, often with a belt. Jantzen do some excellent ones

for men in muted stripes and other patterns and team some of them with matching shirts.

The shoe problem has now been solved. The ubiquitous and often extremely ugly sandal has a rival in the stylish hessian and suede casual shoes sold by many of the best men's shops. They team well with casual suits and slacks and are often acceptable for evening wear.

Finally, be prepared to look the sun squarely in the eye when you find it. Sunglasses tend to be chunky with deep frames, and even those large owl-like eyepieces that the girls like have appeared here and there for men. And there are now some fascinating American "astromatic" sunglasses on the market. They are self-regulating, automatically adjusting to bright sunshine within 30 seconds and reverting to a paler shade for darker conditions or indoor wear. With black or amber frames they sell at 29s. and 49s. And Simpson's have Polaroid sunglasses, adjusted by an unobtrusive little trigger to different light intensities. These sell for £7 17s. 6d.

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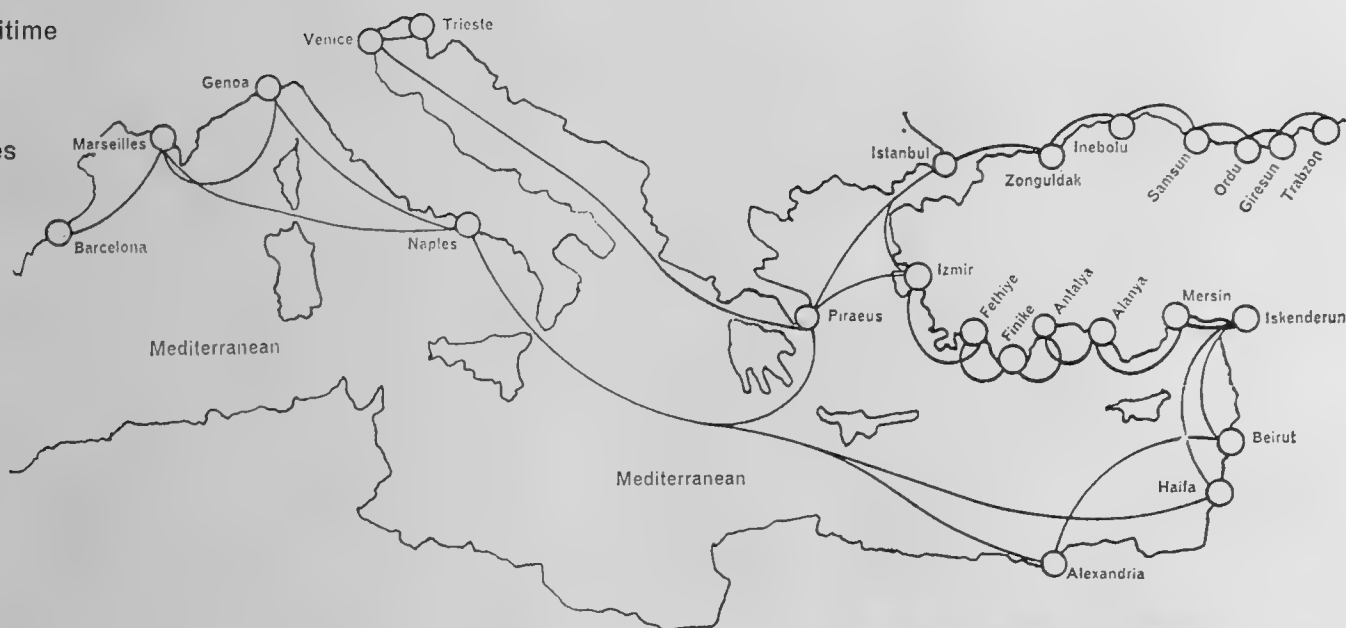
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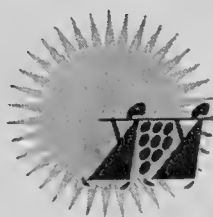
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DINING IN

Helen Burke / As nature intended

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'Splendid, are you off on a cruise?'

'Not this time. We're going to Torquay, to a favourite haunt of ours...'

'Ah, I know... you'll be staying at The Imperial?'

'We shall. I don't know of another hotel that gives such wonderful service or makes you feel so comfortable.'

'I agree... I love the romantic setting and the interesting people one meets.'



People who think at all about the food they consume are becoming more and more concerned about today's methods of commercial production. Two major worries are artificial fertilizers and noxious sprays on growing vegetables and fruits. Five years ago the Wholefood shop was opened at 112, Baker Street, London, W.1, with the object of selling only organically grown foods. I have used this shop over the last few years but it was not until a week or two ago that I met the general manager, Miss Lilian Schofield, one of the most level-headed persons I have ever met. Her object is to bring to as many people as possible foods unspoiled by modern growing methods and subsequent handling.

Wholefood is not a "health" shop as we understand the term. There is nothing "cranky" about its customers. The whole point is that the produce is grown in organically enriched soil—fertilized with manure and/or compost instead of artificial stuffs. It makes one wonder why so many people, even with small gardens, do not grow at least some of their vegetables in the same way—that is, without chemicals. Taste is important not only to the members of the Organic Food Society which runs the shop but to all of us.

Miss Schofield emphasized this by asking me to taste a tomato which had been naturally grown. It did taste of tomato. Also a pork *pâté* made from the liver of animals fed only on organically-grown food. The difference was evident. Wholefood sells produce from all over the world. The fresh and dried fruits from faraway places are correctly grown; unrefined sugar has gone into the making of the jams and marmalades; aubergines, grapes, melons, peaches, sweet peppers and salad vegetables come from the Association Française d'Agriculture Biologique, carrying the guarantee of the Association. From Australia, California and France come dried fruits, all guaranteed organically grown and free from pesticides. In addition, our own home-grown apples, carrots and potatoes come with the same reassurance. From Shrewsbury and Wales come barley, oats, rye and wheat as well as "cracked wheat."

I have been browsing through a unique cookery book—**Lady Maclean's Cook-Book**, compiled by the wife of Sir Fitzroy Maclean, the famous pre-war diplomat and war-time guerilla with Tito. It is published by the Bute and North Ayrshire Unionist Association, Nineyard Street, Saltcoats, and costs £1. It is in the form of a scrapbook and the recipes appear on the letter paper of those who contributed them. Many of the recipes are reproduced in the handwriting of the donors—fortunately eminently legible.

Here is Lady Maclean's own recipe for PORK FILLETS WITH CIDER AND LENTIL PUREE. The ingredients are 2 to 3 pork fillets, according to size, 1 to 2 tablespoons of oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter, 1 small onion, 1 tart cooking apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of dry cider, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pint stock, kneaded butter (*beurre manié*), seasoning and a dessertspoon of chopped parsley. For the Lentil Purée, you will require $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Egyptian lentils, salt, an onion stuck with a clove, a carrot cut in thick rounds, a bouquet garni, 3 to 4 tablespoons of good stock and 2 oz. of butter.

Brown the fillets all over in the oil and butter. Take out. Add the finely chopped onion and the cored, peeled, quartered and sliced apple. Fry for minutes then replace the fillets. Add the cider and stock. Season to taste. Cover and simmer for 25 minutes or until tender. Take up the fillets, slice them diagonally and keep them warm. Strain the gravy. Return it to the pan and thicken it with a little of the kneaded butter (butter and flour mixed together). Taste and adjust seasoning. Add the parsley and replace the pork. Gently heat through and serve.

The dish may be garnished with fried rings of apple, if wished, and accompanied by the Lentil Purée. Wash the lentils thoroughly and put them to soak in tepid water. Add a little salt, the onion, carrot and bouquet garni and bring slowly to the boil. Simmer until the lentils can be crushed between the finger and thumb, then rub through a sieve. Return to the rinsed pan and stir briskly over heat. Add the stock to lighten the mixture. Remove from the heat and beat in the butter and a little pepper.

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When the British Motor Corporation realized a market for luxury furnishing and finishing remained among modern motorists, it took over the Vanden Plas works at Kingsbury, London, and the Princess marque was born. Three models are produced, of which one is the much sought-after "R" with 4-litre Rolls-Royce engine, and at the low end of the price scale comes the 1100. This is a medium-sized four-cylinder saloon with four doors and is in mechanical specification similar to the MG 1100, having two carburettors to its 1,098 c.c. engine, which develops 55 b.h.p. and will take the car to over 85 m.p.h.

But the outstanding feature of the Princess 1100 is its beautiful finish—inside and out. This makes it the sort of car

that an executive, used to limousines during his career, would find satisfying when he retired. The price only just exceeds four figures, even if extras such as a sliding roof and mellow-toned Radiomobile are fitted (the car alone costs £926 inclusive of purchase tax). It is more imposing than other B.M.C. 1100 models; the radiator has the rectangular Princess shape with twin foglamps recessed into spaces on each side of it. The paintwork has that deep look achieved by applying a number of coats with a thorough rubbing down between each.

Inside, the soft upholstery and the walnut veneer on facia panel and door cappings convey an atmosphere of wellbeing, aided by pile carpeting with thick underlay. Both front seats are adjustable, as to their fore and aft position and the angle of their backs, and each has its own armrests on both sides; the ones in the centre lift up when not needed. There is a centre armrest in the back compartment, too, and another on either door. For those who like picnics, folding tables pull down from the backs

of the front seats; they lie exactly horizontal and hold plates and glasses steady (so, too, does the lockable lid of the glovebox on the facia).

Apart from their handsome treatment of the car's interior, Vanden Plas have obviously given a lot of attention to soundproofing the body both from wheel noises and engine mechanism; they have achieved much in both directions, for the Princess rides with praiseworthy quietness. Its comfort is aided by Hydro-lastic suspension, which dispenses with the usual steel springs and uses instead rubber pads and a sealed fluid system of interconnecting front and rear wheels on each side of the car. This damps down the effect of bumps considerably, and calls for practically no maintenance, no matter what mileage is covered. The method of placing the engine transversely across the front, and driving the front wheels, has proved completely successful, even though it does not give the flat floor one might have expected, owing to the control connections for gearbox and brakes. Advantage is taken of

the hump in the floor of the back compartment to mount a good-sized ashtray.

From the driver's seat a pair of recessed dials, plus an electric clock, are right under his eyes, the left hand being the speedometer while the other has grouped in it the fuel, oil pressure and engine temperature gauges and an ammeter. On the extreme right of the facia is a neat bank of switches, plus the choke control, and it should be mentioned that a spare switch is provided for a heated rear window (about £18 extra, to order). The luggage boot is roomy for a smallish car, nicely carpeted, and has a counterbalanced lid.

During my test I found this car to average rather better than 30 miles to the gallon on premium grade petrol (not 100 octane). Acceleration was fair, bearing in mind that the luxury finish adds to the weight—about 17½ cwt., when ready for the road with half-full tank.

It is certainly a car which will appeal to many who like good things and are willing to pay the price for a measure of luxury.

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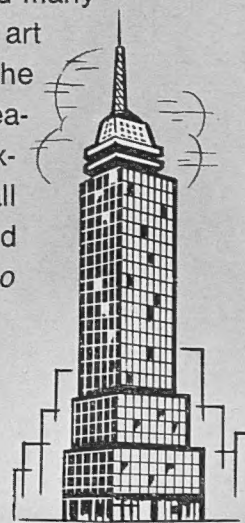


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